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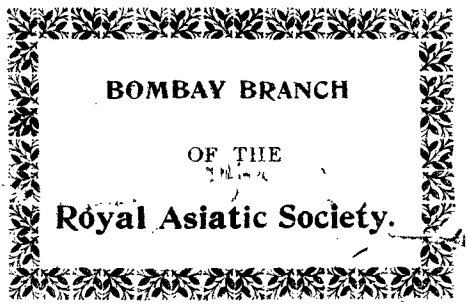

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HEROINES OF THE WORLD-WAR

BY

E. W. WALTERS

Author of 'The Souls of the Brave,' 'Visions of the Red Cross,' &c.

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WITH A MESSAGE SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED BY

SIR CHARLES CHEERS WAKEFIELD

(Lord Mayor of London)

LONDON

CHARLES H. KELLY

25-35 CITY ROAD, AND 26 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

Way / Hes
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First Edition, 1916

TO

A SACRED MEMORY

PREFATORY NOTE

WITHOUT generous help and co-operation these pages could not have been written. We are indebted in many directions, to those who have kindly given direct information, to the authors of various books, and to many magazines and newspapers. All available sources have been consulted. There are so many excellent reasons why the heroic acts performed by women in the War should enjoy the full light of day. Their noble deeds, it has been said, are the rightful inheritance of the people—'a guide and inspiration.' A sincere effort has been made to do justice to the stories of heroism here recorded. Yet how much remains untold! Our consolation is that there is an imperishable Roll of Honour, upon which are recorded all noble and heroic deeds.

E. W. WALTERS.

June, 1916.

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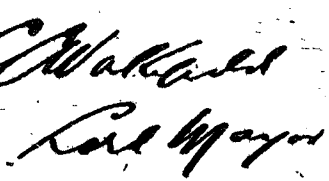
TRIBUTE TO THE HEROIC PART PLAYED BY WOMEN IN THE WAR

By SIR CHARLES C. WAKEFIELD

It is a pleasure to bear a tribute to the women who have played so noble and heroic a part in the War. Their noble example guides and inspires us. In how many ways have women laboured in the Cause! Not only have they ministered to the wounded and sick as doctors, nurses, and ambulance-bearers, but as munition-makers and providers they have also aided our brave soldiers in the field.

Their courage and resourcefulness are wonderful. Upon women's shoulders has fallen a large share of the burden of the War, yet they have proved themselves more than equal to the great trial. A record of their heroic deeds cannot fail

to call forth admiration and veneration. The story, for instance, of Nurse Cavell's noble life and martyrdom moves the mind and heart like sacred music. And it has been said that the greatest thing Nurse Cavell did for her country was to reveal how many there are of her noble kind. *In the heart of many women burns the Sacred Flame.* Their ministry is the ministry of the angels, and it is no exaggeration to say that their noble bearing sustains and inspires the whole spirit of the nation.



THE MANSION HOUSE,
LONDON, E.C.
June 12, 1916.

Heroines of the World-War

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

'There is no heroism like the heroism of the woman whose actions are prompted by love.

'BEYOND all wealth, honour, or even health,' Dr. Arnold writes, 'is the attachment we form to noble souls.' The aim of this volume is to gain a fuller knowledge of the women who have played so worthy a part in the War; to gain, if possible, clearer insight into their character, to learn to know them in such a way that they may act as a guide and inspiration.

The famous Belgian author, Maurice Maeterlinck, writes of a friend that he

lived for twenty years by his sister's side, and saw her for the first time at the moment of her mother's death. How many women in this hour of their country's great trial have revealed their true natures! The War has cut deep into the hearts of women. Upon their shoulders has fallen the larger share of the great burden of sorrow; yet how nobly they have borne themselves!

Heroism in women, however, is no new thing. Of their heroic conduct during the South African War, Sir George White wrote: 'Let me here bear a tribute to the good women who endured side by side with us the trials of the siege of Ladysmith, and set an example of sweet patience and fortitude to their sisters. It is not easy to name the best qualities in a good woman; she is a combination of beautiful qualities, and one might as well try to dissect the essence of a beautiful flower. Yet it is the custom of the man to say she is incomprehensible and inconsistent. But

we who were with her through the siege and saw her with the children learnt that she is not so very far removed from the angels after all.'

What Sir George White said of women during the South African War has been said of recent days, and to his words of praise much has been added. The cloud is now darker, the need far greater. 'All Europe groans beneath the burden of war.' There is scarcely a home in the great countries of Europe which is not directly affected. On every side is heard the call for valour and endurance. All fit and able persons are called upon to fight—men with their stout right arms, and women by their ministrations to the wounded and the sick, by aiding in the production of munitions, by taking the place of men called to the colours, by acting as clerks and shop assistants, and in the various other capacities to be mentioned later in these pages.

Seldom, if ever, before has the call upon

womanhood been greater. It may even be said that the women hold the keys of victory. 'The sense of their gaze,' writes Lady Troubridge, 'is on the men; they would not deny it. The traces of their work are around them. The incense of their prayers rises like a cloud to Heaven. In spirit they are on the battle-field like the legendary angels of Mons, the hearts of the heroes holds them as the Holy Grail holds the wine of heaven.'

Here we shall read of many heroines, some widely known, others not even known as yet by name. The story of the heroism of Nurse Cavell is of course widely known, yet there is always room for a fresh impression. Nurse Cavell has added a glory to womanhood which can never fade. The story of her noble life and martyrdom, as the Lord Mayor of London has said, moves the heart and mind like sacred music. And we have seen that there are many women inspired with the same keen sense of duty and noble spirit of self-sacrifice.

The spirit, for example, that prompted the heroic deeds of Sister Myra Ivanovna sprang from the same divine source.

It has been said that patriotism—deep and sincere devotion to country and kinsfolk—may take a religious form. Yet we have found that there is always the *something more.* We shall see that a consuming fire of heart-felt patriotism burnt within the heroic Emilienne Moreau of Loos; yet there is revealed that other fire—the fire of a soul moved by a firm devotion to the *cause of Heaven.*

Not always is the light that inspires obvious at a glance. Yet we know that the hour of need has called many willing self-sacrificing servants from amongst seeming lovers of ease and luxury. How many have thrown aside the old ways of life and rallied to the cause! There are *many,* it has been truthfully said, in whose hearts burns the sacred flame—faint and scarcely discernible at one time, it may be, but now a radiant light. We think of the thousands

of women who have rallied to the aid of the wounded and the sick, of those who work under the Red Cross, of the many engaged in relief work, and of the thousands employed in supplying the needs of the brave men who hourly face the perils of active warfare.

It should, moreover, be noted how many persons famous in the world of art and letters have sacrificed the pursuits they hold so dear—the consuming interests of their lives—and gone to scenes terrible beyond all description. We think of the self-sacrifice of such women as Mabel Dearmer, who left happy surroundings and congenial work to nurse the afflicted in plague-stricken Serbia. In making the supreme sacrifice she revealed how noble can be those who know how sweet a thing is peace, how glorious a thing is love, how good it is to live in sympathy with one's neighbours. She thought all war wrong, yet she went most willingly to minister to the victims of war.

Many of the noble stamp of Mabel Dearmer have gone forth prepared to make the great sacrifice. We shall see how noble and heroic a part has been played by Sister Joan Martin-Nicholson. This brave Sister has been called upon to look death in the face on many occasions; yet she has retained an unbroken spirit, and is ready still, given physical endurance, to minister to the men of whose courage she speaks in the highest terms of praise.

It is not easy to believe that women have actually fought side by side with our brave soldiers in the firing-line, yet it is established that this is actually the case. In these pages it will be seen that even in the severe trial of bearing arms women have earned distinction. Not only in courage, but in other and equally valuable features in a soldier, they have in certain cases proved themselves equal to active warfare.

In how many directions have women revealed wonderful courage! We think

with the warmest admiration of the valour shown by such women as Miss Phyllis Campbell, who has faced, together with other intensely impressionable natures, the sufferings and horrors of a clearing-station close to the field of battle. Frequently have wounded soldiers, knowing how great must be the strain upon nurses thus placed, besought them to leave their terrible task. But we know, to the credit of those brave women, that they have held faithfully to their post.

To read of the ordeals and hardships endured by women doctors and nurses during the retreat in Serbia is a poignant lesson—if lesson be needed—in woman's power of endurance. It will be seen afresh in these pages that there is scarcely a calamity which those brave women were not called upon to face. Yet they endured and overcame their terrible privations, and have indeed in many cases expressed their readiness to suffer further agonies if only the great cause may be served.

The achievements of women doctors in the War are a surprise and a source of joy and satisfaction to all who have followed the steady though hampered progress of the women who seek to take a high place in ministering to the sick. Thanks to information derived from Miss Beatrice Harraden's knowledge of the work of women doctors, we are able to show in these pages how extensive and how valuable has been the work done. The story of the achievements of women doctors has indeed the complexion of romance, yet is established on indisputable facts.

Of the heroic conduct of nurses mention has already been made, and must be made many times before these pages are brought to a close. Their heroism is beyond praise. We have seen daily how they have earned marks of distinction at the hands of kings and others in high authority. Many heroic nurses wear honours of war. Their decorations, which include the coveted Royal Red Cross and the French Military

Cross, reveal to the gaze of the world how bravely and how well they have acquitted themselves. All may see and all may know how rich we are in heroic women.

But there is a side not clear to all, and there is still much to be told. If it is found possible to give in these pages fresh facts and, more important still, to give fresh impressions of the inner life and purpose of noble and heroic women, a good purpose will have been served.

There is much material. We shall read of brave and daring acts—of scenes that move with feelings akin to horror, yet thrill with a sense of pride. Above all should we catch many glimpses of the radiant and inspiring light that burns in noble and heroic souls.

CHAPTER II

NURSE EDITH CAVELL

Than patriotism there are greater things'
Even so spake she, when to her vision clear
The prison shadows limned and Death drew near
To hide her graciousness for ever with his wings.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

WE honour the memory of Nurse Cavell as the French honour the memory of Jeanne d'Arc, 'because of her valour, her tenderness, and her unmerited suffering'—a gracious, beautiful, and strong character. Her foremost aim was to serve God and humanity. Love was her watch-word. Indeed, it was her devotion to the cause of love, her love for all men without bitterness in that supreme moment when she stood in view of God and eternity, that endears her to us so strongly.

Her life was spent in succouring those who had need, no matter of what nationality. And we have seen that she opposed the cruel hand of Germany, simply as Jeanne d'Arc opposed the enemies of peace and goodwill who wasted her country in the Hundred Years' War. It was this combination of saintliness, heroism, and lofty patriotism that makes the great strength of Nurse Cavell's appeal.

Her story has been told in many forms, yet, as we have said, there will always be room for the record of a fresh impression. Her life and death were indeed as beautiful as those of the great saints, and will continue to move mankind. She asked nothing better of life than freedom to do her work. Her manner of living was simple, unostentatious. When the European War broke out, she happened to be with her aged mother at Norwich; but the call to service—and she knew well what was involved—was immediately obeyed. Her work lay in Brussels, the

capital of the first country devastated by the Germans, yet to Brussels she bravely returned.

It is noteworthy that she was not ignorant of the horrors of war. She realized how great must be the difficulties that awaited her. But she went forth undaunted.

'There are two sides to war—the glory and the misery,' she wrote on reaching Brussels. 'We begin to see both. . . . We shall see the latter more clearly as time goes on.'

She revealed most remarkable courage; yet she was a frail, spare gentlewoman. At the time of her heroic deeds the bloom of her girlhood had passed and her hair was turning to silver around her temples, whilst the lines around her expressive eyes told of severe lessons in the school of life. Her brow was high, with well-defined eyebrows. Her lips, though indicating sensitiveness, were firmly set—a strong mouth for her sex. But in her eyes was frequently seen

an expression of great tenderness and sympathy.

Many pictures have been given of her early life and of the full and happy days of service up to the time of her last visit to Norwich. One writer gives a touching picture of her in the English garden she loved so well, amid the scent of stocks and the old-fashioned beds of pinks.

She was a tender, imaginative, home-loving woman; yet one who sought for love's sake the dark and troubled places of life. Old poverty-stricken men of the slums of London, and bedraggled women and little children, whom she followed to wretched homes after their discharge from hospital, know well her healing powers. She was familiar with the whole of her country, and loved it well, both the picturesque and the sordid, the high-lights and the shadows, the hill-tops and the dark low-lying places—her love embraced all.

She was born at Swardeston, five miles

from Norwich. Here her father was rector for over fifty years. The rectory stands close to the church, with a private entrance to the churchyard from the garden—a picturesque scene. Few would willingly give up such a home for life in the dark places of a great town. But Edith Cavell heard the call of suffering humanity, and decided that nursing was her vocation. She became a nurse at the London Hospital, and later was appointed assistant-matron of the Shoreditch Infirmary. In all places in which she worked her ennobling influence was felt. There are still many in Shoreditch who have grateful thoughts of her. One tells of her tender concern for the aged poor, another of her great love for little children, many others of her sympathy with all 'sorts and conditions' of people.

Later, in Brussels, men learnt to look to her as to a guardian angel. How many, faced by the cruel German hosts, would have acted as she acted? How many

would have shown the same remarkable combination of strength and tenderness? Terrible stories of the cruelty of the Germans swept over Belgium like an evil wind; yet her courage did not fail.

In the last article she wrote for the *Nursing Mirror* she described how on a certain evening Brussels lay breathless with anxiety. 'News came that the Belgians, worn out and weary, were unable to hold back the oncoming host, who might be with us that night. Still we clung to the hope that the English Army was between us and the unseen peril. . . . In the evening came the news that the enemy were at the gates. At midnight bugles were blowing, summoning the civil guard to lay down their arms and leave the city. Many people were up through the dark hours, and all doors and windows were tightly shut. As we went to bed our only consolation was that in God's good time right and justice must prevail.'

How much is told in that last brief

sentence! Faith and love supported her. Her sympathy with mankind was such that even in the ranks of the enemy she saw that many were but the slaves of a cruel and tyrannical system. Writing further to the *Nursing Mirror*, she told how on August 21, 1915, many troops marched through the city:

'From our road we could see the long procession; and when the halt was called at midday and carts came up with supplies, some were too weary to eat, and slept on the pavement of the street. We were divided between pity for these poor fellows, far from their country and their people, suffering the weariness and fatigue of an arduous campaign, and hate of a cruel and vindictive foe bringing ruin and desolation on hundreds of happy homes and to a prosperous and peaceful land. Some of the Belginas spoke to the invaders in German, and found they were very vague as to their whereabouts, and imagined they were already in Paris; they were surprised

to be speaking to Belgians, and could not understand what quarrel they had with them. I saw several of the men pick up little children and give them chocolate or seat them on their horses, and some had tears in their eyes at the recollection of the little ones at home.'

In foe, as in friend, she sought and found the highest and noblest side. After the German occupation, her nursing institution was placed at the service of the enemy. Already many Germans had been tended at the institution; and remaining in control, she now won afresh the admiration of all who came under her care. But who could be blind to the cruelty of the foe?

In a further description of Brussels under German rule she told how at the town hall the brave tricolour was taken down and the German stripes of black and white and red were raised in its place. 'On the top spire still floated the Red Cross, which had been placed over all public buildings in which the ambulances had been opened

to protect them. The Belgian crowds watched this desecration in silence and with profound sadness; some wept, but for the most part they showed great self-control, and no word of abuse or hatred escaped them. . . .

'From that day till now we have been cut off from the world outside. Newspapers were first censored, then suppressed, and are now printed under German auspices; all coming from abroad were for a time forbidden, and now none are allowed from England. The telephone service was taken over by the enemy, and we were shortly deprived of its use. The post, too, was stopped; and though now resumed to certain towns and countries, all letters must be left open and contain no news of the war or anything of importance. . . .

'The few trains that run for passengers are in German hands, and wherever you go you must have, and pay for, a passport. No bicycles are allowed, and practically

no motors, so the once busy and bustling streets are very quiet and silent. So are the people who were so gay and communicative in the summer. No one speaks to his neighbour in the tram, for he may be a spy. Besides, what news is there to tell, and who has the heart to gossip, and what fashions are there to speak of, and who ever goes to a concert or a theatre nowadays, and who would care to tell of their all-absorbing anxiety as to how to make both ends meet and spin out the last of the savings or to keep the little mouths at home filled, with the stranger close by?

'I am but a looker-on, after all; for it is not my country whose soil is desecrated and whose sacred places are laid waste. I can only feel the deep and tender pity of the friend within the gates, and observe with sympathy and admiration the high courage and self-control of a people enduring a long and terrible agony. They have grown thin and silent with the fearful

strain. They walk about the city shoulder to shoulder with the foe and never see them or make a sign; only they leave the cafés which they frequent and turn their backs to them, and live a long way off and apart.'

Such was Belgium under the 'iron heel.' The newspapers were suppressed, the telephone service was in the hands of the enemy, letters were forbidden, the inhabitants lived under a suffocating veil of secrecy. All that happened during the next few months may never be fully told. We know, however, only too well that Brussels was full of spies. 'Every one was suspect, as in the dark days of the Paris Terror in 1793.' And to our lasting sorrow we know that Nurse Cavell fell a victim to a net cunningly weaved and set for her destruction. She was English, and to the mind of the enemy, poisoned with hate for the English, the fact was sufficient to call forth suspicion. Indeed, her nationality seems to have been deemed sufficient ground upon which to condemn her.

Spies were directed to watch her, with the result that she was discovered in the humane and kindly act of giving a great-coat to a French soldier. Later she was seen giving a glass of water to an exhausted Englishman. These Christian acts led to closer spying, and the men who watched and anxiously awaited her destruction soon brought evidence to show that she had given Belgians pecuniary assistance, and had thus, it was said, enabled the men to escape. To put the case simply, she was charged with having performed acts of humanity. Such acts could not be denied.

Her woman's heart, burning with brave design,
Forgot the law, and when a man desired
To play the man, her woman's soul was fired
To help him join again his country's battle-line.

The arrest was made early in the evening of the fifth of August, 1915. Five German soldiers and a corporal went to her hospital in the Rue de la Culture, and found her dressing the wounds of a German. 'The

German soldiers,' it is reported, 'broke open the door with the butt end of their rifles. At a sign from one of the men Von Bissing, the Governor-General, had set to watch her movements, the corporal seized her roughly. He tore out of her hand the lint with which she was about to bind the wounded man, and began to drag her away. Greatly astonished, but calm and dignified, she asked for an explanation. The answer was a cuff.' Von Bissing had not given instructions for any explanation. She now left her hospital for the last time, and was marched through the dark streets to the military prison of St. Gilles.

Silence followed. Nurse Cavell's friends in England knew nothing of her plight. Not till the end of August did the news of her arrest reach England, and then only by the good offices of one who chanced to have journeyed from Belgium. The circumstances of her arrest now being known to her friends, influence was brought to

bear on her behalf. At the request of the British Foreign Office, Dr. Page, the American Ambassador in London, telegraphed for information to Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Minister in Brussels.

Meanwhile, the German authorities in Belgium tightened their grip upon their victim. As for the so-called trial to which she was subjected, her captors even refused her an advocate. Moreover, they prevented communication with any soul who could give her counsel. 'They surrounded her arrest and imprisonment with every secrecy, lest any warning of the terrible danger in which she stood should reach her from the outside.' They aimed at and succeeded in keeping her absolutely alone.

But the truth is, this brave woman had no thought of resistance. She had done nothing of which to be ashamed. Rather were her acts of a nature of which the noblest woman might be proud. She was ready and willing to make a clean breast of

her deeds. What need was there to plead or deny? She had but nursed and helped her fellow men in the hour of dire need.

For that she died; the hands that she had healed
Took her rare life; the heads that she had bound
Plotted the giving of her own death-wound.
Not womanhood could save; not womanhood could shield.

On October 18, 1915, Dr. Page wrote to His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, enclosing a copy of a letter (dated October 13) received from the Legation at Brussels, together with a report on the case. The letter reads as follows:

'LEGATION OF U.S. OF AMERICA,
'BRUSSELS,
'*August* 31.

'EXCELLENCY,

'My Legation has just been informed that Miss Edith Cavell, an English subject living in the Rue de la Culture, Brussels, is said to have been arrested.

'I should be deeply grateful to your

Excellency if you would kindly let me know if this is true; and if so, what are the reasons of arrest. In that case I should be equally indebted to you if you will let the Legation have the documents from the German Judicial authority empowering M. de Leval to see Miss Cavell, and to instruct some one to defend her.—I have, &c.

'BRAND WHITLOCK,
'American Minister.'

To the above letter there was no reply. Later, Mr. Whitlock wrote to Baron Lancken as follows:

'BRUSSELS,
'*September* 10.

'The United States Minister presents his compliments to His Excellency, and has the honour to remind him of his letter of August 31 concerning the arrest of Miss Cavell, to which he has had no answer. As the Minister has been instructed by cable to take charge of her defence, he will be

greatly indebted to His Excellency if he will cause the necessary steps to be taken immediately, so that he (Mr. Whitlock) may cable a reply to the dispatch he has received.'

Baron Lancken's reply was dated September 12, and was sent from the Political Department of the Governor-General of Belgium:

'M. LE MINISTRE,

'In reply to the note your Excellency sent me on August 31, I have the honour to let you know that Miss Edith Cavell was arrested on August 5, and is at present in the military prison of St. Gilles.

'She admits having concealed in her home English and French soldiers as well as Belgians of military age who wished to go to the front. She admits having given these soldiers the money necessary for the journey to France, and having facilitated their escape from Belgium by getting them

guides, who rendered the clandestine crossings of the Dutch frontier possible. Her defence is in the hands of the lawyer Braun, who is already in touch with the German authorities.

'In view of the fact that the German Government for reasons of principle can admit no intercourse whatsoever, I deeply regret to be unable to let M. de Leval go to see Miss Cavell while she is in solitary confinement.

'I have, &c.,

'LANCKEN.'

Thus we see that as Nurse Cavell had been arrested in secret, so her captors sought to judge her. The trial (if such it can be termed) took place before a court-martial, together with that of thirty-four other prisoners.

Up to this time, Mr. Brand Whitlock, with his Secretary of the Legation and his legal adviser, had been active in Nurse Cavell's defence, but only to be met on all

sides with deception. On October 12 Mr. Hugh Gibson reported for the American Minister that, on learning early on the previous morning through unofficial sources that the 'trial of Miss Edith Cavell had been finished on Saturday afternoon, and that the prosecuting attorney had asked for a sentence of death against her, telephonic inquiry was immediately made. At 8.30 it was learned from an outside source that sentence had been passed in the course of the afternoon, and that the execution would take place during the night.

'In conformity with your instructions,' the report continues, 'I went (accompanied by M. de Leval) to look for the Spanish Minister, and found him dining at the home of Baron Lambert. I explained the circumstances to His Excellency, and asked that (as you were ill and unable to go yourself) he should go with us to see Baron von der Lancken, and support as strongly as possible the plea which I was to make

in your name that execution of the death penalty should be deferred until the Governor could consider your appeal for clemency. The Spanish Minister willingly agreed to accompany us.

'Baron von der Lancken expressed disbelief in the report that sentence had actually been passed, and manifested some surprise that we should give credence to any report not emanating from official sources.

'It was of course pointed out to him that, if the facts were as we believed them to be, action would be useless unless taken at once. We urged him to ascertain the facts immediately; and this, after some hesitancy, he agreed to do. He telephoned to the presiding judge of the court-martial, and returned in a short time to say that the facts were as we had represented them, and that it was intended to carry out the sentence before morning.

'We then presented as earnestly as possible your plea for delay. So far as I

am able to judge, we neglected to present no phase of the matter which might have had any effect, emphasizing the horror of executing a woman, no matter what her offence, pointing out that the death sentence had heretofore been imposed only for actual cases of espionage, and that Miss Cavell was not even accused by the German authorities of anything so serious.

'I further called attention to the failure to comply with Mr. Conrad's promise to inform the Legation of the sentence. I urged that, inasmuch as the offences charged against Miss Cavell were long since accomplished, and that as she had been for some weeks in prison, a delay in carrying out the sentence could entail no danger to the German cause.

'I even went so far as to point out the fearful effect of a summary execution of this sort upon public opinion both here and abroad, and, although I had no authority for doing so, called attention to the possibility that it might bring about reprisals.

The Spanish Minister forcibly supported all our representations, and made an earnest plea for clemency.

'Baron von der Lancken stated that the Military Governor was the supreme authority in matters of this sort; and appeal from his decision could be carried only to the Emperor, the Governor-General having no authority to intervene in such cases. He added that under the provisions of German martial law the Military Governor had discretionary powers to accept or to refuse acceptance of an appeal for clemency.

'After some discussion he agreed to call the Military Governor on the telephone, and learn whether he had already ratified the sentence and whether there was any chance for clemency. He returned in about half an hour, and stated that he had been to confer personally with the Military Governor, who said that he had acted in the case of Miss Cavell only after mature deliberation, that the circum-

stances in her case were of such a character that he considered the infliction of the death penalty imperative, and that in view of the circumstances of this case he must decline to accept your plea for clemency or any representation in regard to the matter.'

Such are the facts—cruel and remorseless. But, happily, above the painful story shines the clear radiant light of Nurse Cavell's noble sacrifice. She has been pictured at the trial in the nurse's uniform in which she was arrested—the white cap covering the back of the head, and revealing the dark waving hair, turning to silver at the temples. On her arm was the sign of her merciful calling. She knew her danger, but did not flinch before her accusers. Yet there was nothing defiant in her looks. Rather was her bearing calm and submissive. 'Even in the supreme hour she had time for a compassionate smile for those who were sharing her trial.' The spirit, surely, and the bearing of a saint.

Between the trial and the sentence sinister influences intervened. Her enemies, as we have seen, had plotted to bring about her destruction, and were firmly bent on realizing their cruel aim. It was useless for the American Minister to point out that Nurse Cavell had spent her life in alleviating the sufferings of others, and had bestowed her care on many German soldiers. 'Her cause as a servant of humanity,' Mr. Brand Whitlock wrote, 'is such as to inspire every pity, to call for every pardon.' Later, the American Minister wrote to Baron Lancken in the following touching terms:

'MY DEAR BARON,—I am too ill to present my request to you in person, but I appeal to your generosity of heart to save this unfortunate woman from death. Have pity on her!'

But the appeal was made to a heart of stone.

The moments that preceded the mar-

tyrdom can never be forgotten. The British chaplain who visited Nurse Cavell in her cell found her trustful and calm. 'Faith clothed her with the whole armour of God.'

'I have no fear nor shrinking,' she said.

And not only was she full of a great hope, but even grateful for her hours of solitary imprisonment.

'I thank God,' she said, 'for this ten weeks' quiet before the end. Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty. *This time of rest has been a great mercy.*' And then, with wonderful charity, she added, 'All have been very kind to me here.'

Even of her enemies she spoke well; and in words that can never perish she raised the veil of mortal nature and revealed the immortal and the divine: 'This I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity; I realize that patriotism is not enough.

I must have no hatred or bitterness to any one.'

'Than patriotism there are greater things';
O ye who still unwitting desolate
Your hearts with futile passion, curse and hate,
Hearken while her last word a moment chimes and rings.

The Holy Communion was administered, then the clergyman repeated the words of the hymn, 'Abide with me.'.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!

She joined in repeating the words, her sorrow-lined face lit, it is said, with the light of heaven:

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Later, her eyes were bandaged, and she was led to the place of her martyrdom. Soldiers stood ready with loaded rifles.

But her measure of human endurance was spent. It seems, indeed, as though she would *give* her life and thus save the soldiers from a terrible stain.

She now lay upon the ground. God in His mercy had taken from her human consciousness. But the brutality of the enemy had not as yet found its full expression. The officer in charge shot her as she lay helpless.

Her ministry is broken, and the blow
That laid her dead on the night-hidden earth,
Shall sound upon this present grief and dearth
With louder thunder far than deep-mouthed ordnance know.

The first reports of her martyrdom reached England on Trafalgar Day. On the following morning the newspapers told the story to a shocked and horrified public. From almost every quarter of the world came expressions of deep-rooted indignation and sympathy. All felt that it was fitting that there should be personal memorials to Nurse Cavell's noble life and

sacrifice. Queen Alexandra initiated a plan for an Edith Cavell Nursing Home at the London Hospital. Other means of keeping green her memory were suggested and found general acceptance. The desire on all sides was to keep this noble woman's memory ever fresh.

The memorial service held in St. Paul's Cathedral gave further evidence that her martyrdom had moved men and women of all classes to the deepest roots of their beings. Rich and poor crowded the streets leading to the cathedral to honour her memory. Very many were unable to obtain admission in the actual service; but they stood with heads bowed in the crowded streets, showing that though absent from the service in body they were present in spirit. Amongst the mourners in the cathedral were some of the most eminent persons in the country. The Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australia were officially represented. The Belgian Minister represented

his King and country. Men famous in art, science, and literature were also present, and many soldiers in uniform. Under the dome and in other parts of the cathedral were large numbers of nurses —a fitting tribute.

'It was,' one writes, 'essentially a national service which had brought together men and women of every rank in life, from far and near,—and from the highest to the lowest. The great company who were present will not easily forget it. Earlier in the morning the sun had pierced the mist of a typical autumnal day; and when the solemn service began, it transfixed the dim vastness of the dome and lit up the gold decorations as with fire.

'The band of the First Life Guards in front of the choir gates discoursed appropriate music before the clergy and choir entered, beginning with Schubert's "Marche Héroique," and following with Somervell's "Killed in Action," so full of a poignant sorrow. Afterwards they played

the overture to Verdi's *Joan of Arc*, surely an inspiration, since Nurse Cavell so nearly resembled her great prototype. Then came Massenet's "Angelus," so simple in its appeal; and finally, just before the service proper began, Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" resounded through the church, threading the aisles and lifting itself up into the dim recesses of the dome.'

After the procession of the choir and clergy, the congregation joined in singing the hymn repeated by Nurse Cavell shortly before her martyrdom. Then came the Psalms, *De Profundis* and *Dominus Regit Me*, followed by the antiphon, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' sung to the music by Croft. But at no time through this great and solemn service, whether during the rendering of the 'Dead March' or the moving words of the preacher, were the mourners present so deeply moved as during the singing of the words uttered by Nurse Cavell shortly before her martyrdom. It was felt indeed that in the inspiring

sentiments of the words was told the whole story of Nurse Cavell's noble life and heroic sacrifice :

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

CHAPTER III

EMILIENNE MOREAU: THE HEROINE OF LOOS

No way is impassable to courage.
OVID.

THERE is the 'reality of romance' in the story of the heroism of Emilienne Moreau, romance at its highest, revealing deep-rooted love for kinsfolk and a wonderful courage. A heroine such as all men love. During the retaking of Loos by the Allies this attractive girl of seventeen tended both French and British wounded regardless of danger to herself. The battle waged fiercely around her, but she would not leave the wounded soldiers. Already she had coped with the Germans, and made them respect her. Later with her own hand she accounted for five of the enemy; and

we shall see how General de Sailly paraded the French troops, and in their presence decorated the heroic girl with the Croix de Guerre.

Her story, as first told in the *Petit Parisien* and later in *Lloyd's News*, is of absorbing interest. Many details are given, touching her life from infancy onward—a story of considerable length. Its chief value rests in the fact that it is related by Emilienne Moreau herself, and gives a vivid impression of her personality. It is with that remarkable personality of hers and with the actual scene of her heroism that we shall deal here. But it is interesting to trace briefly her growth from childhood into vigorous girlhood.

She was born on June 4, 1899, at Wingles, a village of miners and farm-folk, in the Pas-de-Calais Department. For some years back the family had been engaged in mining. When she was a year old, her father was sent to Lens as a foreman. 'We were happy,' the girl relates, 'in our

family circle. My elder brother, Henri, a tall handsome boy, intelligent and good, whose name I cannot write without my heart-beats quickening, was preparing for his examination as a mining engineer.' He also was to be a miner, but on a higher step of the hierarchy.

When in his fiftieth year (June, 1914), the girl's father applied for a pension. He had a record of thirty-eight years' service, and his hard trade had already made a comparatively old man of him. He did not, however, fall into inactivity. At Loos a branch of a general store was vacant, and here he settled down, hoping for many prosperous years. At this time Loos had a population of about five thousand, and was well known as a miners' district.

'The miners' cottages,' Emilienne Moreau relates, 'and the little gardens in front of them, stretched in lines over a considerable extent. There were also a few farms, rather ancient in aspect, but where one

felt that activity pervaded, for, whether above ground or underground, everybody works willingly in our country. The house of which we took possession was among those that seemed rather high in comparison to the others. It was well-planned, with a dining-room and a kitchen on the ground floor, a large court-yard, three very bright rooms on the upper floor, which was surmounted by an attic. Ah! that attic, whence the view extended to the distance! What hours I passed there during the German occupation, what anxious hours, whereof I shall speak later! From the attic window one saw the whole district, the heights—they rather ambitiously are called "mounts" in our region, the Lens mount, the Vermelles mount, the Hulluch mount and that slope which rises to Pit 14, and which the General Staff terms Hill 70.'

The Moreaus' house was situated in the Place de la République. On one side was the church, with its massive old tower

and belfry. The family were happy in their new home. The girl delighted in arranging the things ; and she tells how her father, who adored her, was pleased by the changes she made in the shop. Indeed, the family now enjoyed the gaiety of honest folk, who are not worried with overmuch apprehension for the future.

' Our satisfaction,' the girl records, ' was heightened by the arrival of my brother Henri, a soldier of the 8th Infantry Regiment, garrisoned at Saint Omer, who came home on furlough. The month of July passed very rapidly and happily for all of us. My brother had a sweetheart at Loos, my friend, Julie Deneux, a little blonde of twenty years, pretty and gentle, with beautiful black eyes. Julie and I were passionately fond of wild flowers, and many were the delightful walks we took with my father and my brother to gather them. Alas ! which of us could have thought that they were to be the last ? '

It was towards the end of July that

alarming news first reached the family. Emilienne was now sixteen, an age when a girl does not as a rule take close interest in foreign politics, and it seems that she had scant knowledge of what was really happening. But this may be said to have been the case with many persons of greater age and far wider experience. Indeed, the girl has given abundant evidence of a particularly quick and lively mind. The few words from her pen already given, point to an impressionable nature, quick to see and comprehend.

Though only in her sixteenth year, she had now grown to fine, upstanding young womanhood, well and gracefully built, with a face of remarkable charm and intelligence. Her large expressive eyes are surmounted by brows that tell of keen perceptions. In the mobile yet firmly arched lips there are also indications of a nature quick to perceive. A beautiful face, eloquent of high spirits and a fine courage, is the feeling conveyed by the

portraits taken at the time of her heroic deeds.

The alarming news of the last days of July spread, and was followed by the dreaded word *war*. The girl now read the newspapers anxiously, but knew not what to believe. Not till the first day of August did the growing fears become a terrible reality.

The miners had gone to their work as usual; but at 4 o'clock a long, strident whistle was emitted by the syren. 'And the miners,' the girl relates, 'came up from the mines, and on all sides people rushed out of the miners' cottages. The farm-folk, notified by bugle-call, left the fields in haste. The people gathered outside the Municipal Hall, where the secretary was pasting up a small square of paper. . . . The alarm-bell rang, and gendarmes passed through Loos at a gallop. . . . The women tried to keep a good countenance, but wiped their tears. The young men put on airs of determination.'

'My brother had to leave,' the girl tells us, 'to rejoin his regiment. My father with deep emotion embraced him and said "Good-bye." . . . It was mobilization—*war!* But the invasion—who then would have entertained the idea of it, and who could have foreseen the woes that were to descend upon unhappy Loos? Who would have said that during more than a year we should be captives of the enemy?'

Following the outbreak of war a veil of secrecy fell upon Loos. The railway traffic was stopped; newspapers only reached the inhabitants by chance and at rare intervals. The people lived in the dark, waiting in deep anxiety, and hoping in vain for reliable news. Later, news came, but of death. The Moreau family learnt that a relative had fallen in battle at Dinant. Not till some days had passed was it known that the French Government had moved to Bordeaux. And with the news came the fear that Paris was in danger!

No report reached Loos of the victory of the Marne. 'Ah! How the announcement of that victory would have consoled us!' Emilienne Moreau exclaims. 'But we heard only faint echoes of it, which still seemed doubtful to us.'

The girl, however, enjoyed one consoling hour. On September 15 she learnt by chance that her brother's regiment was passing through the neighbourhood, and she had but one thought—to go and meet him and embrace him. At 5 o'clock in the morning she set out with her father and her brother's fiancée. Arriving at La Bassée, they searched for him in vain. But they were not to be outdone, and so marched on bravely to Auchy, then to Givenchy, then to Cambrin, then on to Sailly; but still they searched in vain.

'A little discouraged,' the brave girl records, 'we arrived at Béthune at 3 o'clock in pouring rain. I ran against a soldier and he said to me, "Excuse me,

miss." We raised our heads simultaneously and exclaimed, "Henri!" And so we were compensated for all our trouble! What a joy to find my brother again! We passed a very happy hour. . . . Then the clarion sounded the muster-call, and Henri put his haversack on his back and left for the east with his comrades. . . . Alas! it was to be the last time I should ever see him. . . . My poor brother!'

Many passages in the record of this brave girl's experiences reveal a nature as tender as it is strong and valiant. Of her mother, father, and brother and other relatives she speaks with the gentlest concern and the warmest affection.

As time passed, refugees arrived at Loos from invaded communities and told of German brutalities. On September 25 some German companies camped around Lens, and on the next day was heard the boom of guns. Later, glimpses were caught of the enemy, who advanced, then retired. Then followed a lull, which lasted till

October 1, when again came the boom of guns.

Still the brave girl continued to prepare for a teacher's certificate, and indeed at this time she went to Wingles to obtain her birth certificate, which had to be presented at the time of the examination. On returning to Loos she found that a further number of refugees had arrived, who related with trembling emotion that the Germans were pursuing them.

'Great pity arose in my heart,' she writes. 'Hitherto I had seen solely the bright side of life, and now I was confronted with so much distress. The next day I went to Lens in the morning to take my papers to the school. The town, where the Germans had already been, was in anguish. The hospitals were filled with wounded. The streets were being crossed by legions of poor people laden with packages, who had exiled themselves from their threatened villages, and were venturing forth without knowing where they

would find shelter. Some of them were dragging hand-carts, wherein, with the remains of their furniture, were grandparents or children incapable of walking. A sad vision, prelude of the horrors I was subsequently to see.'

A short while passed; then came the shelling of Loos. The heroic girl was about to go for a walk, when suddenly a detonation shook the house. 'A shell!' her father exclaimed. And scarcely had the exclamation left his lips when a second detonation came. Rushing into the open, the girl saw a shell fall upon the church tower near by. All was so sudden, and in a sense so unexpected, that the first effect was utter dismay. As for the result upon the population, there followed a strange absence of all normal human noises. All had taken cover.

The shelling ceased later, and there was a period of absolute silence. It was felt that the night at least might be passed in safety. 'But there was suddenly,' the

girl records, 'a violent knocking at our door. We looked at each other questioningly. I went to open the door. My father came behind me. I admit that for a moment I was frightened on seeing before me a great big Uhlan. He had fastened his horse to a rain-pipe that was separated from the wall by an interstice. Heaven knows I was destined to see all sorts of Germans; but this was the first one that came to our house, and I felt myself shudder.

'My heart beat as though it would burst, and I did not even try to put on a bold face. By the lamp-post he seemed terrible to me, and hideous also. He was very tall, with a short red beard, an enormous mouth, and harsh eyes. He produced the effect of an ogre upon me, and I expected him to devastate everything in our house. But I knew my father to be firm and courageous, and I feared an altercation between him and the Prussian.

'The Uhlan remained a moment

motionless on the threshold. He glanced round the shop, and suddenly a sort of hideous smile was outlined on his formidable face. He entered, making an extraordinary noise with his sabre. In spite of myself I drew back. His sudden air of contentment had increased my alarm. I thought that his laughing thus alone augured nothing good. He banged himself down near a table so heavily that most of the articles that were on the table fell to the floor.'

It so happened, however, that this Uhlan left the house, after being supplied with articles of clothing; but only to be followed by other Germans! Returning later from an errand of mercy, the girl found her father's shop filled with Germans. 'I returned to our house,' she writes, 'by side-roads. Near the house I noticed several hussars. Had the Germans already returned? I was overcome by great inquietude. What had happened during my absence? I opened the door.

The shop was filled with Germans. My first glance was at my parents. They were surrounded by soldiers and were very pale, but they preserved their coolness and their dignity. I realized that they were being tortured with questions. On my arrival the soldiers picked up their rifles, as though a little girl like myself could have been redoubtable, and they immediately surrounded me.'

"Where do you come from?' they asked.

'From the outskirts,' the answer came.

'Ah! did you see the French?'

'The French? *No!*'

Later this brave girl was asked whether she was French, to which she replied firmly, 'Yes, French.'

Her questioner folded his arms and looked into her eyes, but she faced his scrutiny with firmness. Indeed, in the presence of all those Germans she was not intimidated.

Terrible days followed, during which Loos was sacked and the inhabitants

subjected to all the horrors of invasion. There were 'vile orgies.' Articles of various kinds were stolen and taken away in sacks, disputes amongst the enemy arising out of covetousness. In the midst of the orgies came the bugle-call of an alarm, and Emilienne Moreau tells how with a palpitating heart she witnessed a battle from the attic of her home.

'When the alarm was sounded, I had the idea of going up to the attic, the attic from which I was to witness so many horrible sights, and whence when the weather was clear my view extended as far as Notre Dame de Lorette.

'From the dormer window, with a palpitating heart, but unable to take my eyes off the tragic picture, I watched a battle. It was about half-past five; the sun was sinking in a red glory, and in this blazing atmosphere a cavalry engagement was proceeding on the heights of Vermelles. The German horsemen, lances in rest, emerged from the thicket on the

hill of Lens. They rushed upon our dragoons, who awaited them firmly, and who dashed upon them in their turn. An awful mêlée ensued, which the clouds of smoke suddenly hid from my view. When the smoke had cleared away, I saw whole lines of fallen men, horses leaping over corpses, men who had been unhorsed, more cavalry arriving, and another bristling lane of lances, while there was renewed firing and a hail of machine-gun bullets.'

The tide of the battle ebbed and flowed, the enemy seeming to gain the ascendancy one hour, then mastery seeming to rest with the heroic French. But eventually the enemy gained the upper hand, and Loos fell for a while under the iron heel of Germany. Terrible privation followed. In a particularly poignant passage the heroine of Loos tells how she resented the constant robberies of the German soldiers. Every available thing was carried away, including mattresses, blankets, and various articles of furniture.

'Exasperated by these perpetual depredations,' she writes, 'I revolted and stood in the doorway and tried to forbid them to enter the house. My resistance, which, I admit, was foolish, did not last long. One soldier put his bayonet to my throat, another swung me around like a spinning-top. I believe that this audacity of a young girl who dared to oppose them amused them more than it irritated them, for they burst into laughter. But presently I shuddered, for they had looked at my father with a disquieting air. They had not yet finished hunting civilians, who became their prisoners on whom they imposed the most repugnant tasks, who were at their mercy, and who were perpetually under the threat of being sent to Germany. In Mme. Hay's cellar, where he was hiding, the Germans discovered a youth nearly eighteen years of age, young Saint Georges. He was slender and delicate, and appeared less than his age. With touching precaution, his mother had

had the idea of dressing him like a child in knickerbockers. The soldiers, however, on dragging him into the court-yard in broad daylight, detected the stratagem, and one of them pointed a revolver at his temple. But Mme. Saint Georges uttered such shrieks of distress and made such piteous supplications that the Prussian lowered his revolver. But the young man was taken away and ordered to point out the houses, or rather, the cellars, in which the inhabitants had endeavoured to conceal themselves. He did not lose his presence of mind. Obliged to obey, he made as much noise as possible, saying in a very loud voice, "There must be some in there!" In this manner the refugees approached were warned, and had a chance either to escape or conceal themselves more effectually, or at least to prepare their explanations.

'But very few men, whatever their age, were left in liberty at that period. This will tell you how much I trembled for

my father. He also was shortly to be exposed to great danger. One day, I think it was October 22, he and I decided to go up into our attic again, taking care not to be seen from outside. Consequently we did not go too close to the window, and this precaution rendered our observations difficult. However, we were able to see that the Germans were attacking, ascending the Mount of Vermelles. Then, while violent cannonading thundered forth, the masses they had been pushing before them disappeared, and the mount thenceforth hid them from our view. All day we heard the noise of a battle that seemed very severe. In the evening the Germans shouted with joy in Loos. We heard them say that Vermelles was taken, that everything was going well for them, that they were going to Paris, and that the war would be finished in December. Their gaiety was not calculated to comfort us, although we made allowances for their exaggerations. We did not want to be discouraged: we

felt, however, without foreseeing so long a delay as that which awaited us, that our deliverance would be retarded. "Oh! the gang of rascals!" muttered my father. "They'll have to pay for all this!" Our affection for him made him a prisoner to the house. We besought him not to show himself, to let them forget him. He resigned himself, in fact, to passing the whole day in his room; but one morning he could bear it no longer, and, escaping from our vigilant watch so to speak, he went out.'

At this time the Moreaus were without food of any kind, and the father had gone out in the hope of obtaining a few vegetables. Immediately on reaching the open he was seen by a German soldier, who compelled him to march toward German batteries near by. This, it was soon learnt, was a trap. The innocent man was now accused of spying. He protested, but was surrounded by soldiers with fixed bayonets, and was given to understand that he was about to be shot.

Turning to an officer, he implored the privilege of seeing his family. At first the officer demurred, but eventually consented, and the family saw the poor victim at the Place de la République, surrounded by guards. He told them briefly what had happened. Whereupon his wife broke into tears, and, wringing her hands, cried, 'As you are taking my husband, I want to die with him. You *must* take me with him!'

The scene was intensely distressing. The heroic daughter tells how she was distracted, maddened, and could only weep. But knowing that it was necessary to act and not lament, she managed to regain self-control.

Suddenly an idea crossed her mind. She embraced her father, bidding him 'Take courage'; then she hastened to an officer who resided in a house close by, and implored him to save her father. At first, however, she appealed in vain. Not till she had pleaded again and again, and had

gone down on her bended knees, was she given a favourable hearing.

The officer now went to the house and questioned the prisoner and the soldiers surrounding him. He then wrote a few words on a piece of paper, and turning said, 'Remain at home. Don't be seen in the street again.'

Thus the heroine of Loos, by her courage and presence of mind, saved her father from immediate death. Her heroic character was indeed seen in numberless ways, from the first terrible coming of the Germans up to the liberation of Loos.

Later her father's life was again threatened, and she, acting in his defence, was arrested, imprisoned for a while, and subjected to many indignities. She managed, however, by the aid of her mother to obtain a hearing from an officer in high command, and again her courageous and outspoken nature brought about the desired result. She was released,

but cautioned severely that she would be closely watched in the future.

The heroic girl in relating her story gives many vivid pictures of her experiences with the enemy. Some of the soldiers, it is true, showed that they were not devoid of common decency. A few even revealed natures comparatively gentle and considerate. But there can be no doubt that the girl owes her life and safety to her wonderful courage and self-control. In virtue of her peculiar gifts of character, she won protection where others would certainly have been subjected to terrible cruelty. In her own clear, effective style she tells how she protected the children of Loos during periods of bombardment:

'I exacted from the commandant of Loos that the building in which school was to be held should have a good sound cellar, wherein, in case of danger, I might put my little pupils in safety. I did not mind being exposed myself (I was now

accustomed to that); but I was anxious that every possible precaution should be taken for the little ones who were to be under my care.

'Even under these conditions there still remained a considerable likelihood of ill-chance. There had been more than one example of a storeyed building collapsing and interring under its ruins the people who had sought refuge in the cellar. The house selected as a school was close to our own, being in the Rue du Cimetière, next to that of Mme. Creton. It contained a room that was neither too large nor too small, and which had been the tap-room of an inn. This is equivalent to saying that the Germans had exercised their pillaging proclivities there in masterly style. Nothing remained of the inn fittings, &c. What pleased me about it was the structural arrangement, from the point of view which preoccupied me most.

'At one end of the room was a fairly

wide door opening on to a small passage, and in the passage itself was the staircase leading to the cellar. A hunt was made for benches and tables, and even a blackboard was found. This school furniture was necessarily rather rickety, but it was not the time to be exacting. In brief, everything was ready for Wednesday morning, in accordance with the injunction of the Kommandatur. The school hours were also fixed by the Kommandatur—namely, from 9 to noon and from 2 to 5 o'clock. A little before 9 o'clock I was at my post, somewhat moved by the thought of the gravity of my task in the miserable times through which we were passing. I was about to enter into close communion with these little souls that had been wounded in their instincts by all the brutality and all the arbitrariness the Germans had manifested. Could we now know how long our captivity would last? It was my firm will to leave a truly French imprint upon these little souls. This

resolution would, I hoped, compensate for my inexperience.'

Through all, Emilienne Moreau retained the self-control that enabled her not only to think of others but to act effectively on their behalf. And as the days passed and the great trials and sorrows of the inhabitants of Loos increased, horror following horror, causing many to die of sheer misery and distress, her love for France and loyalty to her kinsfolk deepened and grew ever stronger. She tells in touching language how she gave her first lesson to the children under her care:

'Oh! my first lesson! I was overwhelmed by deep pity, and I felt great tenderness towards these poor little ones, every one of whom had been close to death, every one of whom had suffered the worst privations. What mourning had already afflicted them! What did the morrow reserve for them? So I did not need to prepare the words I spoke to them. They came quite naturally to my lips.

'I told them that if we were at present isolated, great France still existed, and was thinking of us; that we owed her our love and our pity more than ever now; that they were going to work for her, for her whom they would all serve in their turn in one manner or another. Putting myself on their level within reach of their minds, simply, but imbued with the sentiments I expressed, I explained to them why our country, by all it represented throughout the world, was the most beautiful of all. Yes, we were unhappy, we were subjugated under an abominable yoke; but the contrasts we had before our eyes could only inspire within us more pride in our mother country. They had seen the French soldiers pass, soldiers who were ardently eager, generous, ready for any and every sacrifice, and at the same time still over-bubbling with good humour. They had seen the Germans, brutal, greedy, cruel, abject. How, spite of their trials, could they fail to maintain the pride of

their race! Oh! everything I said there was indeed engraved in my heart!

'Then I spoke to them of the joy we should feel when we were once again among French people. France would be doubly dear to us; and because we had been separated from her, our affection for her would be even greater than that of the others, those who had never been severed from her. Finally, recurring very gently to the reason of our gathering, I urged them to be attentive and zealous; there would be nothing boresome or arid in their work, since it would be devoted entirely to improving their knowledge of their own language, and to learning the history of their own country.'

Bravely the little company waited for the turn of the tide of fortune, hoping, praying, looking daily for release from the terrible grip of the enemy. Meanwhile this heroic girl was called upon to make with her own hands the coffin in which her broken-hearted father, whom she had

previously saved from death, was committed to the grave.

Later on, Loos was again violently shelled, but now by the French in an effort to carry the German positions. On May 9 came the French attack, and Emilienne Moreau tells how Loos seemed to be in the midst of a fiery furnace. 'Suddenly the shop door gave way. Our first impression was that it had been overturned by the bursting of a shell. But at the same time, notwithstanding the fearful uproar, a few words reached us: "Sacrament! . . . Franzoust!"

'And on the first steps of the cellar staircase appeared three sanguinary spectres. They were Germans, who, distracted, demented by the furious bombardment, were seeking a shelter. One had an arm almost severed from his body; the second was wounded in the head; the third, a Red Cross man, was reddened with the blood of his comrades. He had been taking them to the ambulance-station,

when the rain of fire had forced him to find a temporary refuge for them and for himself.'

Later the girl had the unutterable joy of learning that the French were advancing. Meanwhile Loos was subjected to further violent bombardment, and the Moreaus' house was again struck by a shell. 'The artillery duel,' the girl records, 'continued, and incessantly became fiercer and fiercer. Grave events were evidently imminent. It may be opportune here to say what the position of the German defences was. The first line of trenches skirted the Mount of Vermelles, descended with twists and turns forwards and rearwards along the Béthune road, and from there reached Pit 11 and the Cité Saint-Pierre. The reserve trenches cut through the Rue de Vermelles and the La Bassée road on one side, and on the other side the park of the Château Magnier (which we now always called the "Burnt Château"), the cemetery, and part of the Rue de Lens.

'On the evening of the twenty-fourth we saw a considerable number of wounded men pass in an indescribable state of dirtiness and attenuation. However, an officer, still simulating pride—those people, in reality, lie to the very last—said to me when he came close to me, "We have taken a lot of Arab prisoners." Now, opposing them, there had been no African troops.

'On the morning of the twenty-fifth there came a sudden calm. I mean by "calm" the cessation of the firing of large shells. But we noticed a strong smell of chlorine; then we felt a sort of giddiness, followed by headaches, against which we tried to react by bandaging our temples with cold-water compresses. However, I was so anxious to know what was happening that, yet again, I climbed up to the attic, difficult though it now was to reach, and, as I had already done, I lay flat on my stomach upon the beams that had resisted. But before my eyes I had nothing but a

dense fog, and it was difficult to understand this phenomenon, for the morning had been so bright.

'At one moment I was absolutely supine. I could scarcely hold on any longer to the remains of the timber-work; and as below me was the vacuum of the devastated house, I felt as though I were falling. When I recovered from this swoon, the fog had slightly diminished, and I began to see, though still as through a veil, forms making furious movements. Then these forms became more distinct and also increased in size.

"I shall never forget that extraordinary vision, the more frightful because it was still relatively distant. Strange beings, with indistinct features, grey in colour, with enormous eyes, were rushing upon the German trenches. These monstrous-looking beings were wearing a sort of rigid tube over their mouth, nose, and eyes. Their appearance caused a fantastic, maddening impression. It was only after a

little reflection that I realized that these men—I should have said demons at first—were wearing masks. These soldiers, who, aided by the cloud produced in front of them, had been able to descend from the Mount of Vermelles, advanced with irresistible ardour.'

The Germans were compelled to yield before the furious onslaught, and the girl tells how she ran to the cellar in which she had left her relatives, and exclaimed, 'Courage! Help is coming! The Germans are overwhelmed!'

In the Place de la République the Germans were now hastening to remove their cannon, but many were left in the panic that prevailed. Fleeing soldiers were seen, and were fired upon by their officers. Wounded men, dragging themselves along, caused further panic. Many soldiers threw down their rifles and their haversacks in the hope of fleeing to a place of safety. Then German reinforcements arrived, and a defence was organized. But the fury of

the attacking Scotch regiment carried all before it.

The Allies' first column had rushed the trenches of the Mount of Vermelles and the second line of trenches at the end of the Rue de Vermelles, and now were advancing along the Place de la République. The second column, after capturing the trenches of the Béthune road, encountered a stubborn resistance, but pushed valiantly forward.

Loos had seemingly been conquered and regained; but the British troops were still assailed from hidden places by a storm of bullets. Later the attacking columns united, and soon held the key to complete victory.

The girl, who approached the Scotchmen, records that they made a strange and terrible spectacle. Indeed, she says, 'they appeared terrible to such a point to some of the inhabitants, that the latter, not daring to recognize them as friends, took flight and hurled themselves between two

fires. But ourselves, who were we to them? Could they immediately distinguish those whom their presence filled with joy? It was essential to act quickly, to find an expressive means of explaining our feelings, of making ourselves understood without *pourparlers* that would at that moment have been difficult. . . .

'I advanced, and by a sudden inspiration commenced to sing "La Marseillaise." . . . Mine was a very frail voice, weakened by emotion amid all this tumult. It nevertheless vibrated, owing to the magic of the tones of the anthem with which I saluted our rescuers. . . . An acclamation answered me, "We're British! We're Scotch!" . . . Our meeting had taken place.'

An English officer approached the girl, and leading her into what remained of the shop unfolded a map. She furnished him with particulars; then insisted, entirely regardless of personal risks, on accompanying him. Leading the officer, with a knowledge which proved of the utmost value,

she pointed out the hiding-places of the enemy.

At many points there were desperate encounters, and again fighting broke out. The girl was in constant danger; but in spite of the officer's keen anxiety, she refused to seek safety, and continued to play the part of an heroic and most valuable soldier.

The ground was thickly strewn with corpses, and the wounded lay on all sides. 'Oh, those wounded men!' she exclaims; 'how could one avoid essaying everything possible to succour them, to prove to them our gratitude? I was able at least to try to give them "first-aid." They were very numerous, and I felt the task to be an extremely heavy one; but I thought only of their sufferings. Thus I summoned the strength to help some of them to stand up; and making them lean on my arm or on my shoulder, I led them to our house. . . . You will see that it was not a very safe shelter, but there was no other. . . .

"My mother spread our blankets and bed-coverings over the flooring of the shop, so that these soldiers might stretch out their weary limbs upon them. . . . But we had very few, and we were soon at the end of our resources. . . . If only we had had some straw! . . . I went to fetch some other wounded men. The brave fellows! There were some among them who, on seeing me arrive, surmounted their sufferings to thank me. But I was in despair over the slowness with which I might possibly bring them some relief, when fortunately an ambulance arrived under the command of a doctor with the rank of major.'

With the doctor's ready consent, Emilienne Moreau continued to assist the wounded, rendering most valuable service. Later she searched amongst the ruins for wounded soldiers, who might otherwise have been left to a terrible fate. After a while word came that some of the Germans were still in hiding, and were preventing wounded men from being brought to

a place of safety. But the forces available at the moment were small. Indeed, the work of clearing out the Germans was undertaken by a number of wounded British soldiers accompanied by the heroic girl. Together they advanced toward the cellar into which Emilienne Moreau had seen the Germans creep. Moving stealthily forward, the girl at great personal risk led the way, and played a part, indeed the most active part, in ridding the British of the hidden foe. She then returned to the shop, which had been turned hastily into a hospital, and was now so crowded that to minister to the men she had to step over their wounded bodies.

Later the place was again subjected to shell fire, and the girl now assisted in removing the wounded to a place of safety. During this bombardment the heroic girl's little sister Marguerite was wounded. A shrapnel bullet entered her wrist. But the child showed wonderful courage, and only regretted that her injury had been

caused by a German shell. Then came the German counter-attack, which was valiantly withstood. But it was deemed advisable to remove all civilians, and, to the joy of the long-suffering inhabitants, a detachment of French soldiers arrived and directed the movements.

On September 28 the Moreau family—the mother, the heroic Emilienne, and the little girl Marguerite—cast their last backward glances at the blackened ruins of their old home. The journey to a place of safety proved a terrible ordeal. Again and again they were shelled by the Germans, and the scenes of battle through which they were compelled to pass were of a nature that completely unnerved many of the suffering company. Torrential rain added to their sufferings, and the wounded child Marguerite was now in such a state that it was feared that further progress was impossible.

Fortunately they sighted a cart carrying a French officer, and were driven to the

village Mazingarbe, where they were given a warm welcome. From Mazingarbe they journeyed to Beuvery. Here also they were welcomed with great kindness. But their journey was not yet at an end. At nightfall they reached Béthune, and arrangements were made by an officer for them to lodge in comparative comfort at Manutention. The child Marguerite's wound was here carefully tended, and indeed the clouds seemed at last to be lifting.

But the Moreaus' cup of sorrow was not yet full. They now learnt that Henri Moreau had been killed in action at Berry-au-Bac on June 4. 'My mother and I,' Emilienne writes, 'were in consternation. Even tears failed us. It seemed that this was really too, too much; that the cruelty of fate was concentrated upon us. . . . My father had died, my brother was killed, my sister was wounded; for a whole year unsupportable suffering and incessant humiliation had been our lot; our home was destroyed.'

But the wonderful valour and fine humanity of this heroic girl was not to go unrewarded. A little later, whilst returning on foot from a visit to her distressed relatives at Haincourt, she passed an automobile in which were some British officers; and, to her astonishment, the vehicle suddenly slackened speed, turned round, and came up to her, and an officer called her by name, 'Mademoiselle Moreau.'

Looking closely at the occupants of the car, the girl now recognized the doctor to whom she had rendered assistance after the taking of Loos. He told her that he had been looking for her, and requested her to enter the car, so that she might be interviewed by a British officer.

She readily assented, and reference was now made by the doctor to the tragic days at Loos and to the girl's valuable assistance and heroic conduct. On reaching their destination she was seen by an officer in high command, and was told that arrangements would be made for a reward

worthy of her courage. The girl, who was greatly astonished that her deeds should have become known, learnt that the doctor had made a detailed report. A few days afterwards she received the following letter:

'HEAD QUARTERS, FIRST ARMY,
'BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
'*October* 7, 1915.

'I have the pleasure to inform you that the assistance you rendered to the medical officer attached to the 9th Battalion Black Watch at Loos on September 25 and 26, 1915, and also the courageous way in which you assisted to attack the enemy, have been brought to the notice of the General Officer Commanding the First (British) Army.

'General Sir Douglas Haig has directed me to write to you, and to express his sincere admiration of the patriotism and courage shown by you on the above occasion, and to say that he had much

pleasure in bringing your conduct to the favourable notice of the French military authorities.

'I am,

'P. E. J. HOBBS,

'MAJOR-GENERAL, DEPUTY ADJUTANT, AND QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL, FIRST ARMY.'

The outcome was that, in a memorable ceremony at Versailles, Emilienne Moreau was decorated with the Croix de Guerre by General De Sailly. Amidst valiant soldiers wounded in battle, she was lined up and had the War Cross fastened to her bodice.

Seldom has reward or recognition been more richly deserved. Her valour amidst scenes of unspeakable horror, and in spite of heart-rending sorrow, is of a nature that must surely inspire all mankind. So long as deeds of heroism are told, the story of her wonderful courage and fine humanity should find a place.

CHAPTER IV

SISTER MYRA IVANOVNA: A RUSSIAN JOAN OF ARC

Her inspiration came through her intense pity, not the pity of a woman who expends her feelings in tears, but the compassion of a heroine who feels she has a mission and who wields the sword to succour the unfortunate.—STE. BEUVE.

M. KUPCHINSKY of the *Bourse Gazette* of Petrograd speaks of Sister Ivanovna as a true heroine, a type of womanhood that is guiding Russia to victory. 'In her heart,' another writes, 'was the holy flame that burnt in the heart of the Immortal Maid.'

At the time of her sacrifice Sister Myra Ivanovna was only twenty years of age, and was small of stature and frail. Her temperament, however, was such that it produced great activity and most remark-

able staying powers. No undertaking seemed too large for the wonderful, courageous spirit within her frail form. One longs for a still closer knowledge of her personality; but we know sufficient to picture a woman moved by deep religious instincts and a burning desire to minister to suffering humanity. The goal of her vision and effort was not the valley of death, but the gates of life—a Sister of Mercy in the truest sense.

When war broke out, she accompanied her brother, a military doctor, to the battle front, and did valuable service amongst the sick and wounded. Her touch, it is said, healed as if by magic. Her presence was as the presence of angels. No service was too small, no effort too great. The rough Russian soldiers were her brothers, to be treated with the gentlest care. By the will of God their souls and bodies were in her keeping. She was God's ministering angel.

Added to her deep religious faith was a

strong and abiding love for her country and kinsfolk. Mighty Russia was her earthly mother; and the Russian soldiery, who were children of the same great mother, were her brothers. Her active imagination saw her brave comrades in every light, yet always as men whose souls it was her duty to love and protect.

Russia was, she felt, fighting in a righteous cause. She desired most earnestly and prayed constantly that victory might crown her country's arms; and so bold was her spirit, so intense her purpose, that she avowed her readiness to lead the soldiers in battle. There were some persons who laughed at her aspirations. 'So many talk like that,' they said. But in her heart, as the future proved, burnt the bright, inexhaustible flame of a soul truly inspired. Her endurance was amazing. Men wondered how one so frail could withstand so great a strain. But, to the glory of womanhood, we know that many seeming superhuman acts have been performed

by nurses. Many of them have worked and died at posts of duty of which the world knows but little. We honour them, yet know not their earthly names.

To Sister Ivanovna it was given to make an open, shining example of the heroism of her sex. Many hours had been spent by her in hidden work and prayer. Indeed, with her work and prayer were one. She knew but one path; and when that path led her to the firing-line and into the very face of the enemy, she went, without a thought to self, valiantly, most willingly, rejoicing in the opportunity to serve actively in a good cause.

She was told that the enemy was advancing, and that for a woman the danger was immediate and terrible; but she did not waver. She was implored to seek safe quarters; yet still she withstood firmly all such pleading. 'My place,' she said, 'is with the wounded.'

Nearer and nearer the enemy approached, and again warning came of the

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fierceness and cruelty of the attacking forces; but this brave Sister still held to her post. Soon it was known beyond question that the enemy were close at hand. A deadly fire fell upon the Russian trenches and upon the ambulance with which the heroic Sister worked.

Still closer the enemy advanced, and now threatened the flank of the Russian troops. The fire was now 'scorching the Russian soldiers as in a fiery storm.' Orders came for the ambulance near the 10th Regiment to withdraw. But the instructions were not followed. Later the heroic Sister was discovered bandaging the wounded in the very thick of the fight. The order came again that the ambulance must be removed to the rear, and the order, it seems, was now obeyed. But Sister Ivanovna remained with the wounded.

'The ambulance-station may go back,' she said; 'but I shall stay here, where my hands are wanted.'

The enemy now opened a still more

deadly fire from heights commanding the Russian position. Later, whilst still tending the wounded, the heroic Sister was herself wounded in the left arm. But even now she would not leave the wounded soldiers. Drawing aside for a few moments, she bandaged the wound herself, and then, without a word of complaint, continued her noble work.

The slaughter amongst the troops she loved so well was terrible, and grew worse with each passing moment. Many officers had already fallen, and others now fell beneath the deadly fire. Indeed, there came signs of wavering amongst the troops, who were now robbed of their officers. Fresh leaders arose from the ranks, but only to share the fate of the fallen officers. How would the tide turn? There were grave fears for the safety of the remaining men. But the courage of Sister Ivanovna, far from suffering a check or showing any sign of weakening, was now at its highest.

Indeed, her courage at this fatal hour

was such that it bears the complexion of fiction, of things imagined rather than actually performed. But the heroic deeds of Sister Ivanovna are amongst the great and sure facts that cannot be disputed. From incontestable sources we learnt that this courageous woman, seeing the Russian lines waver again, drew the sword of a dead officer, and waved it on high with a cry demanding steadiness and courage. Not content with this, she pressed forward, bent upon leading the Russians to attack, and to victory! The soldiers, who held her life as sacred, knew the terrible danger in which she stood, and pleaded with her to come back. Wounded men who were unable to move and protect her pleaded with her to draw back with tears in their eyes, so deep was their veneration for her. Some made an effort to restrain her by force, imploring her meanwhile to save her life for their sakes.

But she freed herself, and pressed courageously forward. And now she was

followed by all who still remained in the ranks, even as Joan of Arc was followed, by soldiers proud to be led by a maid in whose heart burnt a heavenly flame. Still waving the sword, she pressed forward, straight into the face of the deadly fire of the enemy's machine-guns. At every step men fell. But this heroic Sister seemed for a while to be clad in heavenly armour. On, on she led the Russian soldiers, and now inspired them to prepare to rush the enemy's trenches.

Further numbers fell beneath the fire of the enemy. But nothing could check the Russians now. With a great cry and a wild rush forward, they stormed the enemy's trenches at the bayonet-point. A deadly struggle followed; but the Russian soldiers, led by the valiant Sister, proved victorious. Her great valour and self-sacrifice won the day!

But in the captured trenches, on the blood-stained ground, trodden by the feet of the combatants, the victorious troops

found their leader—the frail girl of twenty years, the Sister of Mercy, the 'little Sister,' who with superhuman valour had led them to victory, and given her life that they might live.

Rough soldiers wept as they knelt over her, and tried to arrest the blood that flowed from a terrible wound in her throat. Raising her with tender care, they set about carrying her out of the range of fire. Many fell in this effort to save her. But all were ready, aye, more than ready, to give their lives in her defence. With great care they continued to carry her toward a place of safety. But before reaching the desired haven she was struck by another bullet and fell dead in the arms of one of the soldiers she had led to victory. . . . *A heroine indeed!*

Kneeling around her frail, beautiful form, now still and cold in death, the soldiers marvelled afresh that this 'little Sister,' this 'child,' should have led them in battle and brought victory to their arms.

Silently, reverently, a number of the soldiers made the sign of the cross; and making the sacred sign, they knew from what Source the Sister's strength had sprung. She was a 'child of Heaven,' a Sister of Mercy in very truth.

CHAPTER V

MABEL DEARMER

Real remembrance consists not in a trick of memory, but in a power of realization.—MABEL DEARMER, in *The Difficult Way*.

STEPHEN GWYNN, in a memoir[1] of Mabel Dearmer, reminds us that in the July which closed the first year of the War, a preacher, dwelling on the part played by women on the battle-fields, said: 'As I speak a single figure seems to embody to me the glory of woman in this great War. That woman is Mrs. Dearmer, who went to that point of the field where the need was most agonizing and the personal danger greatest. . . . God has completed and crowned her sacrifice by asking her life.'

[1] *Letters from a Field Hospital*, by Mabel Dearmer, with a Memoir of the Author by Stephen Gwynn. (Macmillan & Co.).

Mrs. Dearmer thought all war unrighteous, but her views did not deter her from playing a ministering part. Rather did her point of view lead her to greater willingness and higher sacrifice. At the outbreak of war she was deeply affected. Although for a while she followed her ordinary habits, the War moved her to the deepest roots of her being. 'For her, harmony was not possible between natural life and those unnatural times; she found peace and perfect happiness only when she went out with a lovely humility as the lowest of those who served. She had done many things, and all with distinction; she had been courted alike by men and by women who had themselves no mean share of the world's envy; she had achieved much, yet counted herself as only laying the foundations of a career. But never in all her varied energies did she turn more joyfully to any labour than when she went out, not to nurse, but to fetch and carry for nurses in a hospital unit.'

A woman of vivid intelligence, and, it may be said, of daring enterprise, she made many excursions in the land of thought, and was equally active and bold in the realm of living reality. As a child she was extremely impressionable, and indeed throughout her life. Girlhood found her precocious and fired with ambition. At fifteen she held views that startled her friends, and led them to have strange fears. She was so bold in her opinions, so daring. At eighteen she became an art student at Professor Herkomer's school at Bushey. Two years later she was married, and on her twenty-second birthday was the mother of two children. Already her life was full, as the lives of women go; but *she* was only on the threshold.

In her interesting and able book, *The Difficult Way*, she describes the transition from Bushey to South Lambeth. Indeed, many of the episodes in the book are sketched from her life. Later, her husband, the Rev. Percy Dearmer, was appointed to

the living of St. Mary's, Primrose Hill, and she now entered into the enjoyment of the pleasantly appointed house in England's Lane. She took keen interest in her husband's work, and made many appreciative friends. She had, it seems, a genius for friendship. 'As she matured she was less interested in expression than in life itself, and above all in one aspect of life—religion. Wherever people were with whom religion was the passion of life she was of their Freemasonry; and when she was in real difficulty, a difficulty of the soul, she fell back always upon the thought of God.'

Her *Child's Life of Christ* is widely known, and gives a true, clear view of the deep and sincere side of her nature. A free soul, bound by no conventions, following the immediate gleam, drifting hither and thither, yet always bound by unbreakable links to the truths that are immortal—such was her nature: at its roots true, tender, loving—religious in the best sense.

'All the time,' she once said, 'life is lovely and the air is full of angels.'

As time went on her passion for work deepened, and she produced, amongst other works, the Nativity play—*The Soul of the World*, comprising the three acts, 'Bethlehem,' 'Gethsemane,' and 'Calvary.' Her wonderful activity of both mind and body was seen in many directions. Her nature was restless, but of a restlessness prompted by noble aims. She must be doing, and doing *well*.

When war broke out, she was at her cottage in the Cotswolds, busy as usual in many ways. Every minute was occupied, and she had hardly touched a newspaper. Then suddenly came a card from Mr. Stephen Gwynn, posted from the House of Commons: 'There is war, and we are in it.'

'I knew nothing,' she wrote later, 'of European complications. . . . The murder of an archduke meant no more to me than some tale of an imaginary kingdom in

Zenda. When, some time since, I had hurried to London for a hot and crowded two days, I had attended a City dinner given to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he had talked gravely of coming disasters—war! I had thought only of Irish difficulties, which I hoped would be soon settled, and dismissed the speech from my mind. But now—war. . . . I asked myself if any horrors could be greater than the horrors of peace-sweating, the daily lives of the women on the streets, the cry of babies born to misery as the sparks fly upward. . . .

'Later I began to realize how London was taking the news. . . . People did not want to leave town; a strange passionate excitement seemed to possess everybody. I could not enter into it. War! I did not hate the enemy; I hated the spirit that made war possible, and this spirit I seemed to catch in our own newspapers. . . . Only the evenings gave me back the peace of God, which held in its quiet arms the

whole sleeping world, working out its passion under the stars.'

Mrs. Dearmer afterwards received a letter from her son, who was spending his vacation in France :

'I am coming home to enlist,

'Your loving son,

'CHRISTOPHER.'

It was all real then. She began to think over her position. And here is a point of great interest : this brave and capable woman felt that if she had been a man she could not have fought. 'I read,' she said, 'that the Kingdom of Heaven is gained by a different method altogether. . . . "Not by might, nor by power, but by spirit, said the Lord of hosts." . . . It is a method that has never been tried by diplomatists. If an individual attempts it in his own life and plunges into deep seas, it sustains him and he walks on the waters in great amazement. What happens to an individual will some day happen to

the nations, when they seek each other's good rather than their own gain—but not yet. Till then we must learn our mistakes through great suffering.'

It is fitting that stress should be laid on the fact that she went forth notwithstanding her views as regards all war. 'It is easy enough,' Mr. Stephen Gwynn comments, 'to go into danger when convinced that your country's cause is righteous; she thought that all war was unrighteous, yet she went. She went on active service, not because she was an Englishwoman, but because she was a woman; not because Serbia had fought gallantly, but because in Serbia help was needed.'

Up to this time she had only thought of Serbia as a country penetrated by disease that brought death to those who went to minister to it, and she wondered how many of her companions would return at the end of the expedition. Later she learnt to her surprise, and a joy that found expression

in tears, that her husband had been appointed chaplain to the British units working in Serbia.

On reaching Salonica (April 17, 1915), she wrote: 'We have just arrived, and have met the other half of our unit. On Monday Mrs. Stobart and some of us go on to Kragujevatz, to get up the tents and establish the hospital. . . . This is a curious place; it seems to be crowded with the sickness and deformity of the world. Everybody marked with small-pox—some people without noses or ears. . . . The place needs cleansing.' In another letter from Salonica she told how six of their unit had fallen sick. She was, however, able to report that she personally was feeling well, in spite of a bad knee and other minor troubles.

Writing on April 27 from Kragujevatz, she said: 'I have literally not had a moment to sit down since I arrived. . . . We arrived on Friday night, and at once drove up to the camp to see Mrs. Stobart

and Colonel Harrison, then back to the train to pass the night. The place looked desolate and poverty-stricken, with hospitals on all sides. Every big building is a hospital. The Serbians are kindness and gratitude itself, both officers and men.'

Later she told how her husband, the Rev. Percy Dearmer, held three services—an early one in the tent, and matins and evensong in the open air. The Serbians and Austrians were tremendously interested. 'Some of the Austrian prisoners who came up to dig our trenches round the tents and our pits are very nice,' she wrote, 'and some can speak a little English, and they all laugh and joke and will do anything for us.' In the same letter she recorded that her husband had a memorial service for British and Americans. 'We all went down,' she wrote, 'to the churchyard, and Percy read a short service and prayed over each of the graves. . . . I feel it would be horrible to get typhus. . . . I have been put in charge of the linen-tent

for the whole camp, and am, in addition to this, doctor's orderly.'

She was now held responsible for the linen of the entire hospital and the clothing of two hundred patients and orderlies, and the tent and boxes in which the clothing was stored. 'In the event of marching orders coming,' she wrote, 'I must be ready in six hours. I have immense stores of clothing here, and a house is being disinfected for me to-day, so that I shall pack most of my stuff in readiness. I have learned to strike and pitch my own tent. . . . I can hammer in my own tent-pegs and lift packing-cases that a month ago I shouldn't have dreamed of touching.'

'We are friends and enemies all together,' she said in another letter. 'Half our wounded are Austrians, and, strangest of all, the head doctor of the Serbian hospital is an Austrian prisoner. He is a wonderful man, and looked after and treated two hundred wounded all alone.'

Later she wrote that she felt she ought

to be bearing more and helping more: 'Somehow it seems quite wrong of us to be so well and healthy; but if we are to be a field hospital, we must *not* have typhus. . . . We have our tents full, and send away men every day.'

In another note she said: 'We have had more than a hundred patients a day at the wayside dispensary, ill with typhus, scarlet fever, intermittent fever, and diphtheria. We are going to have six of these dispensaries between this and Belgrade, and, what is more, a hospital of 150 beds for any cases that need operation or who are too ill to return. At that hospital we shall take anything and everything. We are also adding another hundred beds to this hospital.'

Her intense sympathy with suffering humanity is again shown in a letter written from Stobart Field Hospital, dated May 22, 1915: 'I am not at all hardened to the sight of wounds. They don't make me feel sick or disgusted, only passionately

pitiful; and I pat the patients' hands and say, "Dobra Voynick," which means "Good Soldier," and they say, "Dobra Sister." '

With the coming of the dreaded typhus to the camp (June 3), she wrote under great strain: 'I have been very tired. . . . I am greedy for sleep. . . . They shelled the town here for practice to-day, and I was so tired I slept through the whole thing. The reason that my work has been heavy is that the dreaded typhus has come into the camp. . . . Our Serbian interpreter was the first to get it, . . . then Nurse Red, and yesterday Mr. Stobart and Dorothy Picton were isolated. . . . If I should get it, will you always remember that I am very strong, . . . so that there is every chance of my pulling through? I should send you a wire, as of course you would want to know. I shall send it, not feeling that I am inflicting a heavy blow, but just telling you of something, the possibility of which we under-

stood and realized from the first. . . . One has to stop some day, and personally I would rather stop here, doing this work than anywhere else in the world. There is nothing terrifying or agonizing in typhus; you sleep most of the time, and just drift away into the unknown quite quietly. I am not dwelling on all this, but just telling you, so that you may not be worried or unhappy about me.'

She sought to comfort her friends. But on June 6 came ominous news, and later came this message: 'We have ten nurses down. . . . Everybody is doing everybody else's work. My two helpers have gone. . . . I have a temperature every night to which I seem to have grown accustomed.' Then she wrote: 'Eleven people are down with this deadly fever.'

A few days afterwards came the grave news that she was down with typhoid. Reassuring reports followed later, but only to give place to deep anxiety. On July 10 a telegram was dispatched bearing the

fatal words: 'Relapse, critical hours.' On July 11, 1915, she passed to her reward.

Back to mind comes the beautiful message sent by her to a dying friend: 'Tell him that at last one sinks back on God.' And so *she* died, in perfect faith, and with the glorious sense of having attained. In one of her books she wrote: 'The attributes of women are courage, wisdom, fortitude; it needs courage to love, fortitude to guide, and wisdom to endure.' Thus in her own words we see the nobility of her character and the main purpose of her life.

On October 6, 1915, her second son, Christopher Dearmer, died at Suvla Bay. 'He too had followed his vision to the end. Under different inspirations, he by the broad beaten track, she by tracks that few have trodden, reached the same goal.'

Love was her watchword, service her main purpose, and at the end came the supreme sacrifice. 'The loving, pitiful care of the nurses here is wonderful,' she wrote in one of her letters; 'I think they would

die for the boys.' There are many reasons for believing that she had no thought of self when writing those words; but in simple yet moving language they give a faithful picture of her heroic service. Her loving, pitiful care was wonderful. . . . She died for the boys.

CHAPTER VI

SISTER JOAN MARTIN-NICHOLSON

Here is great courage linked with great tenderness —a heroine such as all men revere.—M. Q.

WE are fortunate in having direct information regarding Sister Martin-Nicholson's thrilling experiences. This heroic Englishwoman was trained at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast. On August 19, 1914, she went to Brussels, and travelled on the last train allowed through from Ostend. On the same day the German advance guard occupied the city with fifty thousand troops.

Sister Martin-Nicholson served, however, with one of the ambulances of the Belgian Red Cross, and passed later to the assistance of Professor Haegar at the Hôpital

Militaire. But on the very day she arrived the Germans took over the hospital, and turned out the Belgian staff, including Professor Haeger. Sister Martin-Nicholson was, nevertheless, retained for the purpose of nursing Belgian prisoners until the arrival of German nurses.

'The Germans desired the hospital,' she writes in the *Woman at Home*, May, 1916, 'as a lazarette, i.e. resting-house combined with hospital for their soldiers. . . . I picked up my cloak and gloves, feeling a distinct desire to see the outside of the building, when I felt rather than saw a small steely-grey eye fixed on me, whilst a professor in a hardly discernible whisper said hurriedly:

'"Get away, Sister, as quickly as you can. Get away!"

'A voice as steely as the eye broke in upon my plans: "I am told that the Gnädige Fräulein English is! Our nurses have not yet from Germany arrived, so she will stay and look after the Belgian

prisoners until they do; the less severely wounded of the Belgians will to Germany removed be!"

'I very stupidly replied in German, stating that I hadn't the slightest desire to remain.

'"Ach! the Gnädige Schwester our language speaks. We shall together very well get on. But she must understand that she a prisoner is, and must herself resign, and be not afraid if she a sentry outside her door finds. For is she not the enemy, though?" and here the huge man with chest covered with ribbons drew himself up and saluted.

'There was nothing for it but to walk out of the room past the other officers, who all said something pleasant to me, the only woman who was to pass so many days alone amongst more than a thousand of the enemy.

'Outside my door I found a soldier with fixed bayonet, who put out his hand as I approached.

'"Your key, Schwester!"

'"No man has the key of my room," I replied icily.

'"But I have orders!" and he crashed the butt end of his rifle on the stone flags within an inch of my foot, in a vain endeavour, I suppose, to flood my being with "frightfulness."

'"Well, bring the officer here who gave them, and don't rattle your rifle like that; it makes too much noise."

'The soldier looked at me with astonishment, and gave a grunt of satisfaction as the colonel, Graf von B——, came along the corridor. Here at any rate was some one who would enforce order and bring this obstreperous person to heel. But his short-lived satisfaction gave way to astonishment, as I, in spotless white and blue, gave orders in my turn. "Donner und Blitzen!" I heard him exclaiming later outside my window to a group of incredulous friends as the colonel took his orders uncomplainingly, leaving

the key in the possession of the Englishwoman.'

Days of storm and stress followed. All the nuns were now banished. Two prisoners had escaped during the night, and the nuns were under a cloud of suspicion.

'I was talking one morning,' Sister Martin-Nicholson goes on to relate, 'to the venerable Lady Superior, who had for sixty years ruled the convent, when the rattle of a sword upon the open door brought us to the steps. Three officers, and four soldiers with caps firmly fixed upon shaven heads, brushed past us without a word, strode into the hall, and in guttural German-French called loudly for the head of the house.

'Very quietly the Lady Superior approached.

'"Take us through the house!" ordered the senior officer.

'Right through they went, bursting into cells where the nuns knelt before the

crucifix, into the chapel, moving benches and seats to seek for an opening, one soldier ripping and stabbing the curtain before the confessional.

'Nothing was found, which but added to the wrath already deepening the purple of the angry faces.'

Sister Martin-Nicholson protested strongly and at great risk to her personal safety. In virtue of her courage, however, she was treated with comparative kindness. Indeed, she was invited to sit at mess with the German officers. 'But I looked,' she writes, 'at my brave patients, who joked so cheerily about their hunger and sufferings, and I looked over my bowl at the orderly.

'"My sincere thanks to the officers, but I prefer to eat with my patients."

'And well had I chosen, as the snatches of song and shouts of ribald laughter, the outcome of overmuch champagne, told me; and how grateful were my men, showing their appreciation by offerings of their

quickly diminishing stores of chocolate and jam, the latter being added to the gruel, making it, if possible, more indescribably disgusting than before, but which I ate without a sign.

'I worked from 6 a.m. to midnight without a break—alone. Strict orders had come that I was not to touch a dressing until the doctor had seen the cases. I stood it for twelve hours; but after that, with the aid of two soldiers who could hobble, took the matter into my own hands, and did them every three hours. What sights! and yet *nothing* compared to what I found later in Poland.

'I was in the middle of one which beggared description, when a plump little German corporal, who had constituted himself a kind of watch-dog, and who was always anxious to help, came rushing up excitedly, exclaiming:

'"Quick, Sister—quick! The doctor comes. I will hide these things!"

'"Whatever for? I don't care about

the doctor," I answered, whilst the ward seethed with excitement.

'"Ach! but he will *strafe* you if he finds you disobeying, Sister!"

'The first time I heard the word, which doubtless in years to come will be found in the English dictionary.'

A terrible scene followed. All Sister Martin-Nicholson's patients — fractures, paralysed, no matter what—were flung on to the floor and told to get up and walk, to see if they were well enough to be transferred to Germany, and if they were slow in obeying, a heavy German boot would act as spur.

'They came to the bed of the man I had been dressing,' the heroic nurse writes.

'"No you don't!" I said.

'"Hold your tongue!" shouted the doctor.

'"I shall not," I replied, lifting the dressing off the patient's back. "Look at this, and tell me that even you would dare to move him!"

'"Du liebe Gott!" exclaimed the man.

'And then I said a thing which *might* have landed me in Germany for the duration of the War.

'"It isn't your liebe Gott who will make a fuss about this," I said as best I could for the rage which had turned me white. "The American Consul knows that I am here, so I am perfectly safe; but this kind of thing"—and I pointed to my men lying huddled all over the floor or crawling back to their beds amidst the jeers of the German soldiery—"won't add to your reputation, will it? Wounded men being kicked and ill-treated!"

'There was a moment of utter silence, whilst I saw the vision of a fortress before my eyes, and then with an oath the doctor hurled himself out of the room.'

During those terrible days Sister Martin-Nicholson was constantly watched. 'My nights,' she writes, 'were a burden to me. My window was French, opening about a foot from the ground. My sentry was

changed every two hours, a fresh one arriving with a new password, which, taking everything into consideration, was simply absurd. Here is a sample of one night. Suddenly my slumbers would be disturbed by my window (which I kept open) being flung back.

'"Who sleeps here?"

'I would spring up in bed to see the faithful bayonet glittering in the moonlight.

'"I do," I would murmur inanely.

'"Who are you? Give the watchword!"

'"An English nurse. 'Wacht am Rhein!'"—or whatever the word had been before I went to sleep.

'"English *what?*"

'"Nurse!"

'"Give the correct word or I fire!" and the rifle would be trained right upon me.

'"Oh, don't be so silly!" I exclaimed. "Fetch the officer!"

'So after a long discussion the officer

was fetched, and behold me conversing over the sill at 2 a.m. whilst the fears of the sentry were quelled, allowing me to sleep until 5.30.'

On the arrival of the German nurses Sister Martin-Nicholson was sent to the King's Palace to nurse wounded German soldiers. Here a memorable meeting came about with the heroic Nurse Cavell. At a later date all the English nurses and doctors were expelled from Brussels, and sent under armed escort through Cologne, Hamburg, Essen, and Kiel Canal to Denmark. Thence the journey to Copenhagen was made, where Prince Gustav, nephew to the Dowager Empress of Russia, suggested that Sister Martin-Nicholson and her companions might offer their services to Russia. They gladly followed the suggestion, and travelled to Petrograd via Sweden and Finland.

At Petrograd they were entertained at Kaufinan Hospital, and whilst there enjoyed the honour of being presented to the

Dowager Empress and of being made members of the Russian Red Cross. From Petrograd they went to Warsaw, journeying on a troop train via Vilna, Grodno, and Dvinsk. At Warsaw valuable services were rendered, and here Sister Martin-Nicholson continued to nurse till her presence was required in England.

Still with undaunted courage she prepared to undertake further work in the great cause, and journeyed bravely to France to nurse typhoid; and at a later date she went to a clearing-station, and rendered further heroic service. In *Pearson's Magazine* (January, 1916) she gives in her own poignant style her impressions of the station, situated close to actual scenes of battle.

'In a cottage, more or less intact,' she writes, 'sits a doctor, with his orderlies around him, getting ready dressings, bandages, and all the necessaries to render preliminary aid to the wounded. The moment is approaching when, with the

dusk, the first men will be brought into that room in that cottage, and from that moment the work will tax the doctor's and orderlies' power to the full. Skill and speed are the only essentials when space and time are limited; for the wounded must be sent on as quickly as possible, so that serious cases may reach a place where the attention and treatment required may be obtained.

'And time means life in many cases!

'As you can well imagine, in this spot, near the fighting lines, it is not possible to do more than clean up a little and put a dressing on the wounds, and alleviate the pain of those who are suffering intense agony, and prepare them for their excruciating journey over rough roads which they have to take in the horse-ambulances waiting to carry them on to the clearing-station.'

Sister Martin-Nicholson goes on to tell how an orderly came and broke in upon their thoughts—a splendid man, a great

stand-by in time of stress, and a most able assistant.

'Ambulance coming in, Sister,' he said. 'Here are your overall and boots.'

They knew only too well what was meant by the coming of the ambulance. Silently these two, the Sister and the orderly, shook hands, as though to give one another courage and make a sacred compact of mutual support. The orderly now buttoned up the Sister's mackintosh overall, whilst she put on the high rubber boots; then with an encouraging smile he preceded her with a lantern down the stairs.

'We passed through the big hall,' the Sister writes, 'already full of wounded men, some sitting, some standing, some lying down, either waiting to go to the wards or to be taken on to the base in ambulances; outside it was drizzling, mud ankle-deep in the churned-up yard, as the ambulances turned in at the big iron gates with as little jolting as possible, drawing up in a line

which reached far away down the road, bringing a remark from a wounded subaltern, with a gallant smile on his ashen grey face: "Look at the line of carriages!"'

Sister Martin-Nicholson looked at the line, and thought of the operating-theatre, 'such a far-stretching line of tightly closed-up wagons, through the flaps of which would sometimes come an exclamation when the agony had passed the limit of human endurance, even of those men who will lie with clenched teeth and nails embedded in their flesh to keep back the groans, and who yet will force a smile when I go to them, and wring my hands silently, while great tears stream down their white faces. . . .

'Slowly, tenderly the wounded were lifted down, until the hall was filled. And then began the most strenuous work of all—the stupendous task of sorting out the cases and sending them through the wards, wounded men pouring in from all directions, filling every part of the building

and my own particular spot to overflowing. This sad stream of battered men had each and every one to have attention. . . . We worked hard, willingly, yes and even cheerfully, through the entire night, so that the wounded might have a little peace and comfort before the breaking of dawn, which would see them once more on the road towards the base. . . .

'I shall never forget the hall. We knew that the dawn was coming, for the murmuring ceased a little, and every now and then a fitful sigh would tell us surely that the vitality had sunk to its lowest ebb in this one hour when the lamp of life grows dim, and that quietly, with a broken word—"Mother," "darling"—some soldier's heart had just slipped over the border; a heart that had ceased to beat so that you and I—all the women of England, in fact—may pass that one hour at home in security and sleep whilst the whole wide world is at war.

'One morning, I remember, our door

blew open, letting in a ray of sun. It fell upon the heads so near the floor, making a glorious halo round those gaunt faces, and I thought how proud their mothers and wives, their sisters or their sweethearts would have been of them if they could have seen the stoical endurance with which they awaited their turns.'

Further touching pictures are given by this brave yet gentle Sister. She tells how one night, just after a piercing shell had torn the night air, the orderly flashed a lantern round the court-yard, the strong ray shining brightly on the face of a lad lying on a stretcher: 'You, safely at home, will never hear just that one cry which above all others will turn your heart to ice; but neither can you have the utter sweetness of being able to go to the lad, and by taking his hands firmly in yours, and saying very clearly, "It's all right, boy; you're quite safe here, *it's all right*," see him turn to you with a little sob and

faintly-whispered, "Right ho, Nurse; I'll be good!"'

Again, Sister Martin-Nicholson tells how, whilst passing in and out among the wounded, she felt a faint clutching at her overall and heard a still faint whisper:

'"For Heaven's sake come to me next, Nurse."

'"I'm only two away from you, Tommy; I shan't be long."

'A little weary smile broke over the lad's begrimed face.

'"All right. . . . Say, Nurse, 'ave yer seen a bloke wiv red 'air, my regiment, 'ginger-nuts' we calls 'im,—pal of mine, he an' annuver chum, 'Awkins, was 'urt yesterday, my turn to-day—I'd loike to know 'ow they're a-doing! Shan't mind this so much if I knows as they're orl right!"

'I smiled.

'"They are both quite all right, so you mustn't worry; just lie quiet, and wait until I come to you."

'I did not think it wise to tell him that his pals were indeed all right, lying peacefully, with folded hands and closed eyes, having wended their way Home.'

Surely all women engaged in such work as this should be hailed as heroines! And here, to the virtue of one who ministers, is added a spirit brave in adventure.

It is noteworthy that, two days after the burning of Louvain, Sister Martin-Nicholson went through the ruins disguised as a peasant girl—a strange and thrilling experience. It is also worthy of note that this heroic Sister, who was in Germany shortly before the War broke out, is one of the very few Englishwomen who have been in the air in a Zeppelin. But soaring above the flight of the Zeppelin, and outshining the brave spirit of adventure, is the noble spirit of one who serves because she loves. It may be seen that Sister Martin-Nicholson's portrait tells of a sensitive and most refined nature, highly imaginative, 'intensely impressionable,

quick to feel, ever ready to sympathize; and withal she has proved herself strong and courageous—*a heroine such as all men revere.*

CHAPTER VII

MISS PHYLLIS CAMPBELL

Sensitive, highly strung natures are found amongst the bravest.—M. Q.

IN his introduction to Miss Phyllis Campbell's moving little book, *Back of the Front*, Mr. W. L. Courtney says: 'I have found it a very pathetic and interesting record. . . . It bears its credentials on the very surface. I do not think that any one who peruses these pages will fail to believe that a narrative so simple and sincere is precisely what it intends to be—a straightforward account of certain poignant experiences undergone by a Scotch girl when she was nursing French and British wounded during the opening months of the Great War. But I may be permitted to say a few additional words. I have had the

welcome opportunity of seeing the author and hearing from her own lips an account of similar incidents and experiences. I have been shown the various documents which prove that she was an accredited nurse with the French—Red Cross. I have seen her photographs, her medals, her diploma, and the insignia of her office. . . . Above all, I have read some of the numerous letters which she has received (and still receives) from her grateful patients in which the tale is told of a nurse's devotion and of her exceeding great reward. . . . It is the merit of Miss Campbell's book that it is full of pictures. She makes us see the little town and the forest through which the soldiers pass and the trains which come back with their loads of wounded. We get to know the men and the women by whose side she worked and whose gratitude she earned by her devotion. And the horizon is always lighted by ruddy fires, and the ear is perpetually stunned by the ominous sound

of approaching battle. The very atmosphere is tense with apprehension and suspense. Only five miles separated the nurses from the oncoming Germans in their desperate rush on Paris. Only by this slight interval was their safety won.'

Early in July, 1914, Miss Campbell was studying in Germany. Suddenly, and without apparent reason, her aunt arrived from Paris, and insisted on her immediate return, and on the fourth of July she was with her relative in Paris. Then with seeming suddenness came the declaration of war, and Miss Campbell tells how she witnessed the marching past of the French Army:

'Horse, foot, and guns. The first troops went on Sunday night at midnight. And there in the saddle we saw for the first time that new and splendid France, before whom, as before Belguim, the whole world bows in admiration, in respect.

'It was midnight, but all the world was on the Route de Paris to bid them "God

speed." The pavements were crowded with fathers, mothers, sisters, lovers, and brothers; and again there was that strange all-absorbing silence. There was no chatter, no weeping, no comment. In silence the Cuirassiers came out of the great barrack-yards, still and straight and soldierly. Many of these men were known to us. One was our baker, another the son of a multi-millionaire, another a priest; yet these grave, noble faces had all a likeness to each other that was very remarkable. It was the expression I had seen on the face of the drummer on the church steps, a kind of exultation, a fierce joy. We, too, were speechless in face of it. It was as if these great knightly men were each exulting inwardly at the prospect before them. They were going out to wipe the stain of conquest from off them. They had found themselves. France was suddenly stripped bare to the soul, and, behold! the soul was a pure white light of knightly splendour. Now in silence

they departed to lay down their lives for France.

'Horse and foot and guns, the army poured through the forest, night and day, day and night, for three weeks. The forest throbbed with the reverberation of marching feet, with the rattle of guns and wagons, and the trains were like the breakers on a coral reef.'

As Miss Campbell continues to relate her experiences, she gives many moving and poignant pictures. In one part she tells how in her childhood she had a recurring nightmare. 'I used to dream,' she writes, 'I was standing in a little lonely station in a forest, waiting for a train—the railway line ran out of the forest on one side, and into it again on the other—and I waited for something: something terrible, and harmful, that was to arrive at the platform. Presently a train would come creeping, creeping, out of the dark trees towards me, and as it came a sound would run before it of sobbing and wailing

—a sound so terrifying that I would wake dripping with terror, and shriek for protection.'

Later the terrible dream came true. Nurse Campbell found herself with several other assistants at a post amidst piles of bandages, utensils, and sterilizers, and rows of bottles. Eventually a train bearing wounded soldiers arrived. Some of the doors were shut, and a red stream oozed slowly under them. Other doors were open with a little straw here and there over the wounded.

As the train drew up, this brave nurse stood facing an open wagon. At one side of the door sat a soldier who had lost both his legs. He was supporting a boy whose arms had gone, both were bleeding copiously and unconscious.

'But in all the horrors of that night,' Miss Campbell writes, 'the cry for water clings in my memory. How long these poor shattered soldiermen had been lying there, heaped up, many dying with the

dead, we never knew. Nor did we even know whence came that first terrible load of suffering.'

Miss Campbell only knew that she was moved with the deepest admiration for the heroic soldiers. 'One man,' she learnt, 'who had lost his right arm, had carried his comrade, who had lost a leg from the knee, for twenty kilometres. Another had bandaged his captain under fire, and carried him to the ambulance with a great wound in his shoulder. There was no end to the tales of what they did for each other, and their gratitude made one want to weep.'

Later, this valiant but tender-hearted nurse assisted at a post at Pontoise. 'The wounded,' she records, 'poured through the post. . . . One Highlander implored me to run away. All the time I was assisting with his *pansement*, he kept urging us to fly. "Get awa', lassie," he said heavily. "They're no men—they're devils. All hell is open now."

'His dying eyes, wide and clear blue,

seemed to still look at an awful something beyond us. "Oh, woman, dear," he said weakly; but he could say no more. His hand lifted feebly and pointed to the forest. I think with his latest breath he urged us to escape.'

But Nurse Campbell and her companions remained bravely at the post.

Describing another dark and terrible night, Miss Campbell speaks of the angel visions of which so much has been heard: 'A train came in with a load of badly wounded. We were fighting a rearguard action, and the wounds were terrible. But though these men were worse physically than those of the night before, their spirit was totally changed; and they all talked of Joan of Arc—Joan of Arc had appeared to the troops and saved them from disaster—they begged for medals or holy pictures, and repudiated any idea of weakness or dying. One man would not let me touch him till he had related how he saw St. Michael the Archangel.'

This is no place to discuss the angel visions. But it is interesting, and indeed instructive, to recall Mr. W. L. Courtney's remarks: 'It is a beautiful legend, far too beautiful to be vulgarized by rationalistic comment or a too inquisitive press. In moments of extreme nervous stress many men in history have seen visions or dreamed dreams, and found a real inspiration therein. Shall we dare to tell them that they are the victims of a purely subjective delusion, when in the strength of their faith they have won the victory?'

Miss Campbell's credentials are beyond dispute. Clearly she has rendered most valuable and heroic service. The Vice-President of the Association des Dames Françaises has written to her in these terms: 'To the bedside of our wounded came your kindness and your smile to warm their hearts, bringing them a ray of sunshine.' And to this warm note of praise may be added the following:

'I, the undersigned, head of the Poste de Secours de l'Association des Dames Françaises (French Red Cross) at the Grande Ceinture railway station at ——, certify that Miss Campbell gave me her help from the fifteenth of August to the twentieth of September, 1914, in giving the immediate attention required by certain of the wounded in numerous hospital trains as they went through. She also rendered us real assistance in acting as interpreter for the English trains.

'I have pleasure in commending the zeal, enthusiasm, and skill of which she has given me continual proofs during our five weeks' close collaboration.

'(Signed) G. BOURGET,

'CERTIFIED NURSE OF THE ASSOCIATION DES DAMES 'FRANÇAISES AND OF THE SECOURS AUX BLESSÉS 'MILITAIRES.'

It is also interesting to recall the words of Gabrielle Maurice Larroque:

'I, the undersigned Gabrielle Maurice

Larroque, chief superintendent of Ward C at the Auxiliary Hospital ——— of the Association des Dames Françaises, certify that Miss Campbell has served in our ward since September 19, assisting at operations and doing the dressings in serious cases.

'She has proved herself to have the necessary capacity for this work, and has shown the greatest devotion.

'(Signed) GABRIELLE MAURICE LARROQUE.'
(Stamp of the Association des Dames Françaises).

It should be added that Miss Campbell, in addition to rendering heroic service at an important post for the wounded, has nursed during the War cases of typhoid, erysipelas, gangrene-gaseous cases, and various contagious diseases. A girl of only twenty years of age at the time of her valuable service, she displayed wonderful calmness and courage; and though of a highly-sensitive nature, she faced the most terrible sights and passed through the most trying ordeals. Writing of

herself and a fellow nurse, she says: 'All the soldiers implored us to run away. They all told us that the Germans were brute beasts and devils. At length Nancy and I replied in the same words. We would work so long as we were necessary, but we would never fall into the Germans' hands alive, they might be sure of that. . . . The brave, kind boys! In all their agonies they thought of the safety of the two English girls, who could do so little for them. But that little, how gladly we did it!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE RETREAT IN SERBIA

Here was the spirit that endures. . . . A story telling of true and lasting courage.—DAILY PRESS.

MOVING and poignant pictures have been given of the terrible experiences of our heroic nurses in Serbia. The retreat of the Scottish Women's Hospital unit was made through Montenegro and over the Albanian mountains to Scutari and San Giovanni di Medua. The nurses retreated with the Serbian Army, and had an escort over the mountains. In view of the disturbed state of the country and the frequency of attacks by bands of marauding hillsmen, this was a very necessary measure. There were always heavy falls of snow during the journey. The day the nurses started to trek over the mountains there

was a great blizzard. At Ipek, however, they were able to get some pack-ponies, and with these they continued the journey. The leader of the party suffered so much from the cold that she rode her pony with great difficulty and was wrapped round with blankets to keep her warm. At times on the narrow edges round the precipices the horses would fall over into the stream below. This happened to both horses and men. It took the nurses six or seven days to traverse the mountains. There was no track in many places owing to the snow, and sometimes this was so deep that they were up to the waist in it. The blizzard blew the snow into deep patches on the precipice-paths, and made them very difficult and dangerous to negotiate. Throughout the whole journey food was procured only with the greatest difficulty, which added greater discomforts to the already sorely tried party. After passing through Podgoritza and Scutari, the party arrived at the

seaport of San Giovanni di Medua, where they were compelled to wait for a few days before being taken off by boat to Italy, eventually reaching London on December 22.

Such are the leading facts, briefly stated, of the retreat of the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit. The ordeals endured by these women were faced by many of their heroic kind.

Mrs. Hankin Hardy, for example, has told in the *Methodist Recorder* (January 13 and 20, 1916) how she looks on October 24, 1915, as a day never to be forgotten. 'I stood,' she writes, 'in the bare and empty building known as the Gendarmeriska Kassarna (Gendarmerie Barracks), that had been the scene of my labours for nearly twelve months, all through the dread, ravaging typhus epidemic that broke out among the brave soldiers of the Serbian Army, sweeping away tens of thousands of men, women, and children. Now another ruthless enemy was driving

pell-mell a whole nation before it, robbing them of home and country, robbing children of their parents and parents of their children, a nightmare of horror. I heard the telephone-bell ring, and presently Borivoy, my interpreter, came to say that I must prepare to leave at once. Gathering our few packages together, we managed to get a vehicle to take us to the railway station. What a scene! Hundreds of wounded men in most terrible conditions were lying about on the platforms waiting to be taken to the hospitals; while hundreds of others, not so badly wounded, were being brought from the hospitals to be taken to some safer place. Thousands of refugees, old men, women, and children, thronged the roads outside the station, all waiting for the trains that were to take them out of danger. Parties of the English and Scottish Hospital units had already left by their motor-cars.

'After waiting some hours, I was told that I could not leave until the morning,

when a special carriage had been arranged to take the hospital staff and myself away. I returned to my lonely room, after seeing many poor children depart with their friends. A strange night in an almost deserted town; the boom-booming of guns plainly heard; the Austro-German Army rapidly advancing on one side, and the Bulgarians on the other.'

Mrs. Hardy goes on to tell how early on the following morning a message came that she must go to the station at once. Hurrying with her interpreter to the station, she found two railway officials who were utterly unable to advise her. In course of time, however, a train was made up, and at last moved slowly away. 'Very slowly we travelled,' Mrs. Hardy writes, 'stopping at every station, and so long at times that we feared the enemy would gain upon us and prevent our going farther. Nearing Balachnia, enemy aeroplanes came into sight, and we were thankful when they turned off in another

direction. We passed through Lapovo, a junction on the main line for Belgrade or Nish. Here the railway traffic was greatly congested, but in time we moved on. Early next morning it was found that we were on the way to Nish instead of Krushavatz, which was our destination. Strong objections were made, and after waiting two hours we were put on the right track, and just escaped being held up by the Germans, who had entered Lapovo during the night.'

Three and a half days elapsed before the party reached Krushavatz. The weather was terrible. Thunderstorms and continuous rains made the roads muddy in places up to the knees. These brave women, however, pressed forward. 'Through it all my interpreter and I,' Mrs. Hardy writes, 'made our way up to the town, where we met Mlle. Draga Arangelovitch, a Serbian lady friend, who had left Kragujevatz ten days previously to look after the truck-loads of goods,

the gifts of many friends from all parts of the world, with my own personal baggage, which we had packed and sent on before, hoping to save it from the hands of the enemy. Alas! only a part arrived in safety. Those containing my own things never came at all, leaving me with only the clothing I stood up in, an extra coat, a few business papers and letters, and a handbag I brought with me. There was no possibility of getting rooms, so I was thankful to get a shelter on the bales and boxes in one of the magazines where they were stored. At 8 o'clock at night the pavements were covered with sleeping men, women, and children— worn-out, homeless wanderers. The restaurants were filled with men and women, who would take their places early in the evening at the tables, so as to secure a shelter for the night, although it only meant elbow-room and a seat.'

On the sixth day in Krushavatz the situation became terrible. All were com-

pelled to leave. Railway communications were cut off, and Mrs. Hardy realized that a lonely and terrible journey was before her. 'After a great deal of difficulty,' she says, 'I obtained two ox-wagons, on which I packed cases of corned beef, a case of tea, and a bale of blankets. Fitting myself up with a pair of men's boots, No. 10—the only things I could get for walking, the pair I was wearing being worn through—a few tins of condensed milk, a loaf of black bread, and a small tin of biscuits, I started on my journey close in the wake of the Scottish Women's party, sleeping each night cramped up on the baggage in the wagons. Two small loaves, with tea, constituted my diet for a whole week; but I was thankful for that, although it was not very substantial to keep the cold out. The journey to Preshtina was cold and stormy; we travelled up and down steep mountain heights, forced to do a certain distance each day. We were glad when

a halt was called and we could get off the road away from the long stream of people that were ever moving on. At Preshtina no proper accommodation could be found; the night of arrival I spent on the side of a street in the wagon, while all the other people of the party crowded into a room together. Next morning at daybreak I was surrounded by poor, starved-looking men and women, to whom I distributed the blankets, cutting them in half to make them go further; the tinned meat I had given away along the journey to many a group of hungry men.'

During the morning Mrs. Hardy found the Military Head Quarters, and presented her papers, signed by the chief of the Head Quarters commando. The outcome was a small room at one of the hospitals was placed at her disposal. 'I thanked God,' she writes, 'for that shelter, which enabled me to take off my clothing, which I had not been able to do for over a week. On the second day we were again pressed

to "move on"; but unfortunately I caught a chill, the result of the exposure on the journey, which made me feel sick and ill. However, it was necessary to obey the orders of the authorities; so I went to seek my oxen and carts, but found they had been stolen. The other party had already gone. Two more days were spent in trying to get some conveyance. Several Serbians who knew me urged me to leave at the earliest possible moment; but what was I to do? The doctor's wife at the hospital put her hand across her throat to show what would be the end of us if we did not get away—especially myself, so well known as the friend of the Serbians. I certainly should not escape the vengeance of the bloodthirsty Germans, who were gaining upon us all too quickly. Standing outside one of the public buildings, wondering what I should do, I heard a voice say, "We are just going on foot; will you join us?" It was Dr. Henry, with his wife, also a doctor. Telling them I was too

ill to walk, but that I hoped to get a conveyance of some sort by the morning, Mrs. Henry said she would remain with me, and begged her husband to go. This I would not agree to, telling them that I would leave myself in the hands of One who had proved my Friend and Protector.'

Mrs. Hardy now stood alone. There was not another English person in the whole place. And she tells how presently two Serbians, who understood a little English, came up to her and exclaimed 'You here, madame! You must go! You must leave here at once; it is not safe; it is too dangerous for you. Just think of your dear children. You must go!'

'At this,' Mrs. Hardy says, 'I felt like breaking down entirely. So I promised to start next morning, as it was too late in the day to go alone; so made my way back to the hospital, where I spent a restless night full of anxiety. Next morning early, to my surprise, Borivoy came alone

to tell me that a fiacre would come to take me away at 7.30. Two hours past the time a poor half-starved horse and broken-down vehicle came in sight. The driver—a Turk—made a shiver pass through me as I looked at his cruel and ugly-looking face, and I felt much inclined to refuse to go with him, especially when the doctor of the hospital tried to cheer me up by saying, "The man's a rogue, and not to be trusted; he has said he will not go to Prisrend, but will leave you half-way."

The man, however, proved better than was anticipated. 'We travelled,' Mrs. Hardy writes, 'through terrific thunder-storms, with rain falling in torrents, and thousands of people tramping beside us drenched to the skin—thousands of bullock-wagons, carts, motors, conveyances of all sorts. What a procession! It seemed never-ending—an army of retreat, a whole nation in flight. On we trudged, passing many a poor sufferer unable to go farther,

men, women, and children dying and dead by the wayside; and nothing could we do for them—we had lost everything. All of us were refugees, homeless, penniless wanderers.'

Shelter was eventually found in a wayside hut. At 5 o'clock next morning the journey, in spite of sickness and great suffering, was continued. Meanwhile the enemy drew nearer and nearer. Eventually the refugees reached the mountain-passes, only to be met by a terrible blizzard. Slowly, however, they made their way day and night, with scarcely any rest and very little food, until they reached Prisrend. Here Mrs. Hardy was given shelter in a Turkish harem, and was treated with remarkable kindness. Indeed, shelter and protection were offered for any length of time.

Mrs. Hardy, however, decided to continue the journey. After various futile efforts to get a suitable conveyance, she started again at 6 o'clock on a terrible morning.

'Soon we were on the road,' she writes, 'with thousands of others all going the same way, the weather again bitterly cold, with driving snow. Often we had to wait half an hour at a time to get "disentangled," until at last the cart I was in with two Serbian passengers turned over and rolled down the embankment. Fortunately I escaped with only a dislocated wrist and a good shaking. After a time the cart was dragged to the road again, and we took our seats. Jacovitza was reached late at night, all of us chilled to the bones. Shelter was taken in the tiny room of a hut. Sleep was impossible; my body was aching from head to toes. It was well in one way that my appetite was not good, for it was difficult to get food of any kind. Borivoy, the horse, and the donkey were left behind somewhere on the road, and did not arrive before we left next morning for Ipek, another long day's journey, very trying to man and beast. The roads were so

bad, it was only with the greatest difficulty the animals could get along; every one had to walk.'

Eventually Ipek was reached, and here Mrs. Hardy was again treated with remarkable kindness by the Turks. Once more setting out in the face of great difficulties, the foot of a mountain 8,000 feet high was reached. At this point another terrible night was spent. 'At daybreak, stiff and cold,' Mrs. Hardy writes, 'we tried to move, but the clothing of madame and myself was frozen to the ground. Men's beards were hanging with icicles; even the fire near us looked cold. More wood was piled on, more snow melted for tea, another piece of bread, and we were ready for another day's tramp. Soon the mountain-side was "alive" once more with struggling men, women, and children. The whole thing seems a terrible nightmare to me now. Then it was stern reality, and the farther we went the conditions became worse. We reached the summit at

1.30 p.m., and made a very slow descent owing to the block of horses, cattle, and cannon that had taken days to drag over the heights. It was another terrible part of the journey; scarcely a foothold, men and animals sliding, tumbling, cut and bruised, some falling over the precipices dead, every few yards dead horses, sometimes six or seven together in a heap; oxen with flesh cut off, and the horses skinned to wrap round human beings for warmth; but more heart-sickening were the men lying here and there by the wayside, dead and dying. A prayer went up from my heart for strength and courage to go on. For fourteen hours I tramped as best I could; then, footsore and numbed, I fell by the wayside exhausted. I was half carried over to a fire where a number of men sat; my boots were taken off, and my feet put near the fire to thaw. After half an hour's rest I was urged by the party to try again. I begged them to leave me, but they would not. Three of the party

helped me up, but my feet refused to carry me. However, tumbling and falling, I was dragged along. We got to a place of safety at 9.30 p.m., the only refreshment by the wayside being frozen snow to quench my thirst. At last a room was found in a small hamlet. All slept on the floor, three women and nineteen men.'

Fortunately a doctor saw Mrs. Hardy next morning, and through his kindness a rough sleigh was made for her use. Delay was out of the question, and they started again almost immediately. 'My impression on moving from Ipek,' Mrs. Hardy writes, 'was that when we were over the mountain in front of us our difficulties would be over, and no more mountain-climbing. But, alas! on we went, day after day, two days with the sleigh, sleeping on the mountain-sides, no bread to be got. The tin of biscuits I started with were now crumbs, crushed in the falling of the animals on the first day. We had to live on the crumbs, and very sparing

we had to be. Another small village sheltered us in a stable. Here we were separated again from the party; the two boys and myself, with the two animals, going on. The weather was not quite so bitterly cold as we journeyed nearer the coast. Muddy roads, rivers, and mountain-streams had to be waded through, and a great deal of difficulty was caused by the donkey refusing to follow our lead. On more than one occasion we had to wait until help came, when the donkey and the packages would be carried over to the other side of the stream.'

Nearing Adrianovitza, feeling terribly exhausted, Mrs. Hardy met with another accident. She managed, however, to continue the journey as far as Podgoritza; and here she enjoyed the great luxury of a night's rest in a fairly comfortable bed. Next morning the journey was continued. 'In six hours,' she writes, 'we were at the lake-head, where we hoped to get a boat to take us to Scutari. However,

no boat came in sight until the second day. Hundreds were waiting on the wharf, and at night slept in the large goods shed huddled together. I sat by the lake-side the whole night, damp and chilled, but finding it preferable to the over-crowded atmosphere of the shed. The only food obtainable was the fish caught by fishermen (who went up and down in their boats in front of us showing us their wares), and water from the lake to drink. Dozens of little fires were lighted to cook the fish, which was eaten without bread or salt, making many of us sick afterwards. . . . Imagine the shout of joy that went up from that motley crowd, men and women of all nations, when a small steamboat arrived, and eventually towed us off in barges down to Scutari, where we landed late that same evening.'

Five days were spent at Scutari waiting for the arrival of an English party from Montenegro, then two more days in stormy weather and over muddy roads on the way

to the little port of Medna. Here at last was boarded an Italian steamer, which carried many hundreds of refugees, amongst them being a number of members of the heroic hospital units.

Much might be added, but our space is limited. The full story of the hardships endured by heroic women during the retreat would fill many volumes. We have, however, learned sufficient to fulfil the main purpose of these pages. We have seen afresh that woman's part in the War calls for the warmest admiration. In no place has her courage and endurance been put to greater test than in Serbia. In no place has she shown finer qualities.

CHAPTER IX

HEROINES ALL

Woman is the blood-royal of life; let there be slight degrees of precedency among them, but let them all be sacred.—ROBERT BURNS.

THE full story of the great part played by women in the War can never be told. Only by glimpses, as it were, may we form a picture of the heroic conduct of our sisters in the great cause. The behaviour of women, as we have seen, has not only exceeded expectation but hope. 'It is not simply that there have been enough women and to spare for hospital work and every sort of relief and charitable service; that sort of thing has been done before, that was in the tradition of womanhood. It is that at every sort of occupation, clerking, shop-keeping, railway work,

automobile-driving, agricultural work, police work, they have been found efficient beyond precedent and intelligent beyond precedent. And in the munition factories, in the handling of heavy and often difficult machinery, and in adaptability and inventiveness and enthusiasm and steadfastness, their achievement has been astonishing. More particularly in relation to intricate mechanical work is their record remarkable and unexpected.' Indeed, there is scarcely a sphere of labour in which women, having been given a chance, have not proved equal to the task.

Many pictures have been given of women engaged in war work. Mr. Twells Brex has given in the *Daily Mail* an exceptionally interesting and effective sketch of a girl engaged in shell-making.

'Her hair was coifed in a linen cap; her bonny face glowed with physical toil; her hands that, until she entered the shell factory, had never known work of any sort, were grimed with indurated grease.

She had toiled at her lathe since early morning, and it was now late afternoon. She straightened her back to hand me a half-finished "18 lb." shell. She lifted the shell as if it were a bagatelle, this woman Vulcan of the munition works. She handed it so lightly that I took it lightly—my wrist sagged, and I nearly dropped the shell. The works manager laughed. "You are surprised at its weight," he said. "The sawn steel *billets* for the first process of the shells weigh half as much again, 30 lb. each, and these women think nothing of picking up a couple of *billets* and carrying them to the lathe." Even at that moment one of the women munitioners, a slightly built figure, carried two of the *billets* from the saws to her bench. She stood laughing and talking for a moment to a fellow-worker, and, half unconsciously, she poised her two 30 lb. burdens like dumb-bells above her head.

'They look so happy,' Mr. Brex con-

tinues, 'these women munitioners, who so strenuously carry out the cry to *act, act, act*. Nearly sixty hours in a working-week does not frighten or weary them. They are as handy at lifting steel *billets* weighing 30 lb., as they are handy at finishing off delicate work to the micromoter's exaction of a thousandth part of an inch. They work in a medium of steel filings, engineers' grease, and in the atmosphere peculiar to all places of driving belts, hissing nozzles, and metal that bites into metal. But still they keep bright eyes, lissom figures, and rosy cheeks; and, needless to add, woman's recondite secret of remaining attractive in engineer's garb.'

They take their work very seriously. Indeed, it has been claimed that *it is the women who will win the war*. Little wonder if men have welcomed women to the workshop. 'Even on the Clyde,' writes a Special Commissioner, 'they are beginning to realize that they cannot win alone,

and that this can no longer be a war between men. Every day that becomes clearer. You have only to go into a munition factory when many women are working, where indeed in some shops they are in the great majority, to realize that the war is inevitably passing from the hands of men into those of women. You see thousands of women working on tens of thousands of shells which will some day be aimed at the enemy. You see a pretty girl, slight, with golden hair and playful blue eyes, quietly putting the finishing touches to a bomb which some day in the next few weeks will cause havoc in an enemy trench. And these women in the workshops know how much depends on them. They work hard and for long hours. They know that the women of Germany are doing the same, and they know too that every day the Allies are depending on them and the women of France in a greater degree.'

In how many ways have women helped

in the great cause! In a series of photographs published in *Pearson's Magazine* we have seen women acting as porter, ticket-collector, bus-conductor, motor-driver, road-sweeper, milk-woman, light porter, post-woman, butcher, horse-clipper, farm-hand, gardener, &c. And accompanying these photographic records is this comment: 'Pick up a newspaper—published any time during the last twelve months or so; somewhere in its columns you will find words to this effect: "Woman has buckled to in her millions, and shown that there is hardly any work of man that she cannot do. She is driving motor-lorries, she is twirling milk-cans into guards' vans, she is doing the postman's round, the liftman's gate-clanging, the ploughman's furrow, the sweep's chimney, the window-cleaner's mountaineering, the carman's deliveries, the bank clerk's lightning arithmetic. She is standing hours at the mechanic's lathe."'

'All this new activity,' Israel Zangwill

remarks, 'and all this reinterpretation and recognition takes place in the fierce light that beats up a boom. . . . But in addition to the many ways in which woman is actually seen stoking the furnaces of war, there is a growing recognition that even the woman at home is playing her part in the War. That men must fight and women must weep was long the stock argument of the anti-suffragists—for who would give a vote to tears? In vain we suffragists tried to make them understand that the fighting part of a nation was only the white-crested wave that throws itself furiously on the shore—behind it was the whole ocean of national energy. In vain we pointed out that a nation was, after all, only a collection of homes, and that it was from these homes that all the national strength issued. To-day press megaphones and flamboyant posters have proclaimed this truth to the dullest. Every hoarding has shown us the munition-maker hand in hand with

the soldier; warriors both. The War Loan carried on the tale. "Do you want to save our sailors' and soldiers' lives?" women no less than men were asked in great Governmental advertisements. "Do you want to bring the war to an end?" "You can make your money fight for you." "If you cannot use the sword for your country, you can use your pen by filling up this form." One of the latest and most decorative of these posters, though bristling with cannon and bayonets, is headed simply, "Appeal to Women." The silver bullet, in short, can be sped by a woman's hand, and the sinews of war are sexless.'

No sphere of woman's part in the War is more pleasing or more inspiring than that of British Red Cross and the V.A.D.

What France, Russia, and Italy have done in the direction named, England has done, and with a will. Interviewed by Percy Alden, M.P., for the *Star* newspaper, November, 1915, Mrs. Lloyd George said: 'The story of what women have

done through the Red Cross is simply amazing; 1,800 trained nurses are working to-day in England and on the Continent in connexion with the British Red Cross. In addition the V.A.D. has supplied 1,500 women to serve under trained nurses. They are posted at hospitals in England and in France, and the effect of their aid is to set free fully-trained women for higher posts. All these have obtained certificates in first-aid and home-nursing, while many have certificates also in hygiene, sanitation, and cookery. They "call nothing common or unclean"; they are just as willing to scrub a floor or to wash crockery as they are to nurse the sick or act as orderlies. If you would like to see some of the hospital work, you can find it either at the large Red Cross hospitals for the British at places like La Toquet and Rouen, or you can go to Calais and see the Anglo-Belgian hospitals there, or the Queen Alexandra at Malo-les-Bains, or the Elizabeth at Poperinghe.

Speaking in the same interview of the Women's Voluntary Aid Detachment, Mrs. Lloyd George said: 'The idea was that they should act as temporary nurses to look after the wounded in improvised hospitals. The R.A.M.C. approved of this work, and conducted examinations and inspections of the women volunteers. It was thought that they would fill the gap left by the War Office, since the War Office machinery made no arrangements for rest-stations or sorting-hospitals for dealing with wounded or sick coming back from the dressing-stations. A detachment consists of a commandant, a quarter-master, and a superintendent nurse, with twenty nurses. It was naturally found necessary to supplement the work of amateurs, so trained nurses were called in to supervise; but the greater part of the work of the hospital, whether it is cooking or washing or scrubbing, is carried out by these women, who, without payment and with wonderful self-abnegation, have accomplished a most

valuable piece of public service. There are in England over a hundred British Red Cross Auxiliary Home Hospitals; you can easily see how great a drain upon the women of this country the work of these hospitals must have entailed.'

We have seen how nobly many of these women have acquitted themselves. Without their help the sick and wounded certainly could not have been given the care and kindly attention of which so many soldiers have spoken in praise.

Also of great importance is the work of the Women's Emergency Corps, which was started only two days after the declaration of war. It originated with the Women's Suffrage Societies, and naturally it has swept into its ranks large numbers of women of independent means. In the first fortnight it received and classified about ten thousand candidates, doctors, nurses, interpreters, motorists, and the untrained who desired training and were willing to do anything that was offered to

them. The result of their enterprise can now be seen everywhere in the country; for, apart from what one may call the main service of war, thousands of women have been placed in situations in connexion with trams, buses, and railways, thousands more are taken up by the big commercial undertakings, and a very large number are engaged in munition works.

Useful work, moreover, has been accomplished by women in connexion with canteens. These have been run not only at Woolwich and Enfield by Lady Lawrence, but also at Euston, Victoria, and other stations in association with the Y.M.C.A. Labour has been supplied through the Labour Exchanges for the making of tents, respirators, and clothing; and a large number of clerks have been sent to Government offices. The clubs for the wives of soldiers and sailors are carried on by three organizations—the Women's Patriotic Clubs under Mrs. Parker (the sister of Lord Kitchener), the Tipperary

League under Lady Jellicoe, and the Women's War Clubs under Lady Henry Somerset. Lady French has also given very valuable assistance, and has been especially active in connexion with the supply of comforts for soldiers at the front.

Indeed, the directions in which women have toiled in the great cause are almost without number. Writing in the *Daily Chronicle*, November, 1915, Mr. Frank Dilnot remarks that 'when the history books come to tell of Britain's great war in the twentieth century, part of the story will show how, in face of the insistent drawing away of our manhood, the girls and young women pressed forward, first in groups, then in crowds, to do the men's work here at home and carry on the life of the nation which our men were in battle to preserve. These young women are the forerunners of Britain's future generations. If in time to come the blood of people is stirred by the gallantry of our men now

in fight, it will be stirred no less by the uprising of our women to support those men.'

Day by day the papers record some fresh direction in which women are taking up the work of men gone to the war. It is difficult yet to get a general view of all that is being done by the new women workers, still more difficult to realize all that they will probably do before the war is over. As the men have departed women have volunteered for occupation after occupation, and great drafts of them continue to come forward at every opening. So remarkable, in fact, has been the response of women that up to the time of writing the supply has always been greater than the immediate demand. Indeed, waiting lists have been made, and thousands of willing hands placed in reserve.

It need scarcely be said that the great majority of the women employed on war work are paid a fitting wage. But this, as Mr. Frank Dilnot has remarked, implies

no derogation of their patriotism. 'Only a favoured few possess any outside means of support. Withal they work very long hours for none too princely a remuneration. And no one could have been amongst them in various parts of the country without realizing that beneath their steady labours is the ardent and instinctive feeling that they are helping their country. They do not say much about it, but it is there all the same. Indeed, it finds revealment not so much in those who are at work as in those who want to join in the work.'

To each and all we would give credit for noble motives. The chief aim, the central purpose, may not always be obvious; but we believe that the work done is very largely the outcome of a pure and simple desire to serve. Scarcely is there a woman in the great countries of Europe who has not a friend fighting—fathers, husbands, lovers, sons, brothers. Surely these call for the utmost support!

Moreover, to every woman in the Allied

countries has come a menace to her freedom. True, the fear of losing this may not be the chief motive-power that has led women to labour from dawn to sundown; but the menace to the homes has been felt, and in many ways.

Above all, has the feeling come that women must work, because those they love best are fighting in the great cause. Their aim, then, is noble, lofty. *They serve because they love.*

CHAPTER X

WOMEN SOLDIERS

The spirit of woman is in all senses equal to the spirit of man. . . . In courage, in endurance, in high and noble aims woman is man's equal.—M. Q.

IT might have been thought impossible for women to fight side by side with men under modern conditions of warfare, had we not incontestable proof that they have actually played such a part. Shortly after the outbreak of the great European War many women were found amongst the belligerents. Their burning desire to serve their country led them to disguise themselves as men and seek a place in the active ranks.

Such women were in the majority of cases sent home or put to war work more in keeping with their sex. Yet we know

that a number have remained in the ranks of soldiers on active service. We have reliable information of a daughter of Russia, and a child of Serbia—a girl of eighteen years—having faced the ordeals of this terrible war. And there are good reasons, as we have intimated, for believing that the women soldiers in point are not by any means the only women who have seen active military service. We shall, however, do well in fixing our attention for a few moments upon the woman known as 'The Russian Amazon'; for in her case there is trustworthy information, and moreover an instructive photograph.

Seen in her portrait, she is a fine, upstanding woman, evidently of muscular build, clad in the high boots and loose trousers and the military smock of the Russian soldier of the line. The uniform is complete in every particular, from the service-cap to the thick soles of the high boots. She looks indeed remarkably like

a man, a well-built, stout-hearted, soldierly male. For her sex her features are heavily and strongly moulded. The expression in the eyes betokens great determination. The lips are firm-set, and from nose to mouth run 'lines of masculine decision.' The chin also is remarkably firm. Indeed, the expression of the face as a whole may be said to be stronger than that of the average male. Yet withal there is a certain something in her expression and bearing that betokens the peculiar characteristics of her sex. One can imagine that this strong, determined woman has at heart gentle maternal feelings.

In the photograph she is seen between two German soldiers—a prisoner. The fact of her capture shows that she is no 'toy soldier.' She went into the very thick of the fight, sharing the most terrible hardships, the severest ordeals, the full brunt of the battle, a soldier in the strictest sense.

Slavka Totnitch, the second woman

soldier in point, is a character of different stamp, though she too has without question played the part of a real soldier. As seen in her portraits, she is a tall, closely knit girl, having indeed a figure that suggests an active athletic boy. Her face, too, is suggestive of the high, bright spirits of a boy. But there is a gentleness and kindliness about her expression that speaks of a girl's sympathies.

As in the case of the 'Russian Amazon,' she wears the full uniform of the soldier. In this case the closely fitting cap of the Serbian Army is worn, and the familiar service-tunic, buttoned close across the chest, with straps at the shoulders. On her tunic are marks of distinction. For this young Serbian girl can not only claim to be a real woman soldier, but also a soldier of marked courage and sagacity. She has seen no less than two years' service, and now ranks as sergeant. Surely a unique position for a girl of only eighteen years!

She has been wounded in battle. But the wound, though by no means slight, did not damp her ardour or quell her wonderful courage. All the world knows of the terrible hardships endured by the Serbian soldiers during the retreat over the Albanian highlands. The indescribable ordeals and hardships of that retreat were shared by this young Serbian girl sergeant. One marvels that she had the strength to endure. But her rich share of high and buoyant spirits, her great courage and quiet yet firm determination, carried her through.

The latest news of her to hand is that she is with her Serbian comrades at Salonika, and enjoys the distinction of being known as 'The Fighting Girl Mascot of the Balkan Army.' As seen in one of her latest portraits, she stands at the salute, her well-knit figure erect, her lips smiling, ready it seems for many further battles, and indeed for any ordeal she may be called upon to face.

There are other cases of women soldiers; but the two given will suffice to show that even in the act of bearing arms and facing the terrible ordeals and hardships of battle, women have in certain cases proved equal to men.

We may deplore, and rightly, a condition of affairs that permits women to take part in active warfare; but there is a lesson in the fact that in no direction has their courage failed. The mind naturally shrinks from the thought of women being subjected to possible mutilation and death by the cruel fire of modern warfare. 'The battle-field,' says one writer, 'is no place for women, save as nurses and ministering angels.'

Yet we cannot fail to think with admiration of women whose high-soaring courage and deep love for country and kinsfolk have led them to face battle and death. Certainly it is fitting that they should be hailed as heroines and credited with the noblest aims.

CHAPTER XI

WOMEN DOCTORS AND WAR DECORATIONS

The idea that the medical education of women is an experiment must pass away. It has proved its worth, and nobody can doubt that it has come to stay—and to stay for the public good.—GENERAL SIR ALFRED KEOGH.

In the record of women's activities in the War no chapter is more interesting and significant than the work achieved and the part played by women doctors.—BEATRICE HARRADEN.

Women are everywhere stirred to heroic deed in this epic time.—IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

RATHER more than forty years back the first group of women in Edinburgh who went up for a medical examination were surrounded by a crowd which menaced, hooted, insulted, and threw mud, and were only kept from violence by a number of chivalrous students forming a body-guard. 'Encompassed by them,' says Dr. Sophia

Jex Blake, who was one of the women bent on becoming a doctor, 'we passed through the howling crowds at the gate and reached home with no other injuries than those inflicted on our dresses by the mud hurled at us.'

That was only little more than forty years ago. How great the change to-day! Of recent date the Prime Minister, Lord Curzon, and other men of distinction have made an appeal for funds for the London School of Medicine for Women. Commenting on this fact in the *Windsor Magazine* for Christmas, 1915, Miss Beatrice Harraden remarks, 'No instance could be more illustrative than this of the complete change in conditions, outlook, and valuation': a change, as we shall see, from a blind folly to complete enlightenment.

The first unit to reach the battle front was the one under the guidance of Dr. Flora Murray and Dr. Louisa Anderson. They left for France on September 15, 1914, with complete equipment, including

X-ray apparatus. The very first unit to be organized, however, was that under the lay administration of Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, with Dr. Florence Storey as head of the medical staff. This unit reached the front shortly after the first-named, and has done most valuable service.

The third unit to go abroad was that in charge of Dr. Frances Evans, under the auspices of the French Red Cross. This made its quarters at the old Abbaye de Royaumont, about twelve miles from Creil, an important distributing-station for the wounded. The Abbaye, which dates from the twelfth century, had been in disuse for ten years, and was found to be in great need of repair. The staff set to work, and, Miss Harraden records, 'in an amazingly short time grappled successfully with a whole host of difficulties. It was almost impossible to get outside help, and there were no stoves and no coals, and there was no hot water. The story of their experience in getting the premises ready sounds some-

thing like what one might expect to happen in a disused ranch-house in the wilds of the West. Finally, the hospital was ready to be inspected by the French military hospital authorities, who gave their cordial approval, and recognized it as Hôpital Auxiliaire 301. It was equipped with an X-ray apparatus, and had attached to it a fleet of motor-ambulances driven by women chauffeurs. It is the only hospital in the district fitted with an X-ray apparatus, and patients have been brought from all adjoining neighbourhoods to have bullets extracted.'

The staff of the hospital, over fifty in number, is composed of women, with the exception of an electrician. Originally there were one hundred beds, but the number has been more than doubled, and a laboratory has been added. As a practical proof of the value set upon the work by the French military authorities, it may be stated that it has been set down that Hôpital Auxiliaire 301 should take

the most serious cases and discharge them as soon as they are convalescent. It is interesting to note that the five wards of this hospital are named after Joan of Arc, Margaret of Scotland, Queen Mary, Millicent Fawcett, and Blanche of Castile. General Joffre has taken a personal interest in the work, and has sent through his aide-de-camp a gift of 300 francs for the men, out of a gift entrusted to him for distribution.

To return to the second French unit, we learn through Miss Harraden that it has been established at the Château Chanteloupe, Troyes, ninety miles south-east of Paris. 'It lies within forty miles of the firing-line, and its situation thus forms one of the principal stations for the reception of wounded from the seat of war. The hospital is a two-hundred-bed one, and is, with the exception of the operating-theatre, entirely under canvas. The students of Girton and Newnham subscribed £1,800, and it is known as the

Girton and Newnham Unit. Dr. Louise Mellroy, of Glasgow, and Dr. Laura Sandeman, of Aberdeen, are in charge, and Mrs. Harley is lay administrator. The hospital is directly under the French military authorities, at whose request it came into existence. It has an X-ray apparatus and a fleet of motor-ambulances. A bacteriological laboratory, under the management of Dr. Ellen Porter, of Edinburgh, is an important feature of the hospital. It differs from the Royaumont and all other French hospitals in that it is the first hospital in which the French wounded have been nursed under canvas, and consequently it has aroused a great deal of attention everywhere. The Ministère de la Guerre has arranged with the Scottish Committee that this hospital should continue work for the duration of the War, and General Joffre's personal approval has been received that it should be a military hospital and under military control.'

Of the terrible hardships endured by women during the retreat through Serbia we have written in a previous chapter. Here mention may be made, however, of the first Serbian unit, which, with Dr. Eleanor Soltav and five women doctors, nurses, dressers, and orderlies, arrived at Kragujevatz on January 6, 1915. Concerning this unit Miss Douglas Irvine has written that it was welcomed by the authorities with eagerness, and found a need for its labours such as exceeded all that had been described in Western newspapers. 'The staff began work immediately in a hospital of 150 beds; and soon, in order that these beds might be continuously devoted to only serious cases, they undertook also the supervision and surgical treatment of 150 convalescent wounded. The X-ray apparatus of this hospital was in constant use, and our operator examined men who came not only from all the hospitals in Kragujevatz, but also from all the

other towns, Belgrade, Nish, even distant Uskub. But at the moment of writing, the need of Serbia is not for surgical but for fever hospitals. There are still in the country very many wounded men whose ultimate recovery depends on the surgical treatment and nursing they receive, but they are less numerous than all the thousands who lie ill of typhus. When the staff of the first Serbian unit became aware of the seriousness of the typhus epidemic, they desired to help to fight it, and cabled to their committee in Edinburgh for fever nurses. The committee almost at once sent out the equipment of a fever hospital and two contingents, each of ten fully trained nurses, and also five doctors, asked for by the Serbian Government. The authorities in Serbia gave a building in Kragujevatz, which was fitted up as a typhus hospital, and contains 200 beds.' This has now been transferred to Mlavadovatz, and is working under canvas. It has been reported further by Dr. Elsie

Inglis that this unit has been responsible for a remarkably large number of beds, and that the chief medical officer of the Serbian Army has spoken of it as the best in Serbia.

Out of Serbia's great need came urgent requests for still more assistance, and in April of the same year a second Serbian Unit, in charge of Dr. Alice Hutchinson, set out. On the arrival, however, of this unit at Malta, it was commandeered by the Governor to nurse wounded British soldiers from the Dardanelles. When the unit left Malta to take up its allotted place at Valjevo on the north-west frontier of Serbia, Lord Methuen wrote: 'It is not in my power to express my gratitude for this help given me by the Serbian unit. They leave here blessed by myself, surgeons, nurses, and patients alike, for they have proved themselves most capable and untiring workers.'

The Scottish units have, in particular, been called upon to face terrible conditions.

A member of the last-named unit writes: 'The most terrible sight I have seen here is the big fever hospital, a huge barracks, where there are said to be 1,500 cases of fever, mostly enteric, typhus, and recurrent. Among the patients the acknowledged death-rate is ten a day. With a fellow member of the unit I went over the typhus ward one day. You really cannot imagine what it was like. There were only a few doctors for hundreds of cases, and otherwise only orderlies. . . . All along the corridors patients are packed together, and one of the corridors was so dark one couldn't see the patient's faces at first.'

Miss Beatrice Harraden, to whom we are indebted for many of the facts here given, writes: 'A question frequently asked is why the Scottish women's hospitals are not working for their own country. The answer is of course that they wished to do so, but were given to understand that the needs of the British Army were fully

met by established organizations. So they offered themselves to Belgium, France, and Serbia. Since then, however, our own War Office has taken a different attitude towards the women doctors, and Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray now rank as majors in the British Army, and are in charge of the military hospital in Endell Street for 550 British soldiers.

It should be said that a unit was organized by the doctors named and called the Women's Hospital Corps. It consisted of seven doctors, three women orderlies, and an adequate staff of trained nurses, and left for Paris on September 15, 1914, at the request of the Union de Femmes de France, and has done most valuable work. Similar success has been enjoyed by various other women's hospital corps, notably the corps stationed for a while at Wimereux.

Here we can only touch the fringe of the valuable work performed by women doctors, or at most give a few facts to

support the praise we would give to the women who with great courage, coupled with remarkable gifts, have brushed aside the cobwebs of prejudice and convention and rendered in the hour of Britain's great need services which have proved of the utmost value.

Little more than forty years back the would-be woman doctor was, as we have seen, hooted and besmattered with mud. Now all persons hail her as a figure of great worth. Her conduct in the War has been nothing if not heroic. With remarkable initiative and resourcefulness she has brought success where success seemed impossible, whilst her courage and endurance have earned the warmest admiration.

Mention should be made in particular of the achievements of Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray. It has been said that, 'by the success of their work and the recognition they have won from the War Office, they have made a contribution of the utmost value to the

woman movement all over the world; while there is no doubt that their initiative, alertness, and attainment have stimulated and encouraged further activities amongst the French medical women.'

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart has also earned the right to special recognition. She was among the very first to go to the battle-field on the outbreak of the War. Her first post was at Brussels, where she did admirable work till arrested by the Germans as a spy. Her great courage and clear defence, however, brought about her release, and she managed to return to England. Still undaunted, and indeed more determined than ever to serve the great cause, she organized a hospital unit with the view of rendering most needed assistance in Belgium.

Dr. Florence Storey, who was appointed head of the medical staff, gives the following account of the work of the unit:

'We started for Antwerp, at the invitation of the Belgian Croix Rouge, on Sep-

tember 20, 1914. There we had a hospital with 100 beds, the number of which was increased later to 135. Our staff consisted of six women doctors, ten trained nurses, as well as several women orderlies. We were working there just over a fortnight, during which time we had more than 200 cases, most of them straight from the trenches. They were Belgians and a few British. In the latter days surgery was rendered difficult because the water-supply was cut off, and for this reason water for the whole hospital had to be fetched from a well. On the eighth of October, the bombardment took place. We were eighteen hours under shell-fire before we could place our patients in comparative safety. During this time not a single one of our party was hit, though the ground was littered with shell and houses round were burning. . . .

'We ourselves finally got away across the bridge of boats on London motor-buses, sitting on British ammunition-cases.

The road out of Antwerp was one sad procession of fleeing peasants, troops, cattle, guns, wagons, children, carts, all moving in the same direction as rapidly as possible. As we left Antwerp the city was blazing in over twenty places, the oil reservoirs by the river being a pillar of fire 100 feet high; but nothing else seemed to matter once we got away from the whiz of the shells, and for two nights we were thankful to get a wooden floor to sleep on. The bridge of boats across the Scheldt was blown up by the Belgians twenty minutes after we crossed.

'Our hospital unit was next invited by the French Croix Rouge to go to Cherbourg; and there we established ourselves on the sixth of November in Château Touraville, as the Anglo-French Hospital No. 2, under the sanction of the British Red Cross and St. John Ambulance.'

The foregoing simple, straightforward account of the ordeals endured by the unit under Dr. Florence Storey shows of what

stuff these women are made. The worst of cases were sent to them 'straight from the trenches.' No call upon their skill and resources was deemed too severe. And to their trials and great difficulties were added the horrors of shell-fire. Their anxiety for the wounded under their care must have been intense. Eighteen hours elapsed before the patients could be moved to a place of comparative safety.

It is well that we should dwell upon the picture; that we should realize that these women have not only been called upon to exercise great skill and resourcefulness, but also to face conditions which call for heroic qualities. How well they have fulfilled their mission has been clearly seen. From all quarters have come words of praise and high recognition. Many have enjoyed the honour of receiving war decorations.

Amongst the women doctors who have been decorated, special mention should

be made of Dr. Isabel Ormiston, who has received a decoration at the hands of King Albert of Belgium for her services to the wounded at Ostend; and of Dr. Elsie Inglis, of the Scottish Women's Hospitals in Serbia, who has been invested by the Crown Prince of Serbia with the Order of the White Eagle, in recognition of her work through the typhus epidemic. It is noteworthy that this is the first time the Serbian Order has been bestowed upon a woman.

Coupled with women doctors, their indispensable co-workers are of course the nurses. Their decorative honours are many. The best known and most highly coveted is the Royal Red Cross. Amongst the nurses who enjoy the great honour of wearing this decoration is Miss Vivian Tremaine, a Canadian. Another heroic woman who wears the Cross—which is, by the way, of scarlet enamel with red-and-blue ribbon, and bearing the three words Faith, Hope, Charity—is

Mrs. H. C. Mitchell, who was acting matron of the ill-fated hospital-ship *Anglia*.

Mr. Phayre gives in the *War Budget*, May 18, 1916, a thrilling picture of the wonderful heroism of Mrs. Mitchell and her staff. 'The ship,' he writes, 'is nearing Dover, a great white ark with the regulation green band and Red Crosses of the Geneva Convention. It is the *Anglia*, which, by the way, brought over the wounded King when he sustained serious injuries on the battle-field through the fall of his frightened horse. The vessel now carries 166 cot-cases and 200 'walkers,' every man of them dreaming of home with eager eyes on the white cliffs, which every turn of the screws brings nearer. What happens? With a deafening crash the ship's fore part rises clear of the sea in sudden columns of flame and débris. The *Anglia* has struck a floating German mine! Her freight of helpless humanity is now savagely menaced with dreadful death within sight of the promised land. "Men first!"

cries Matron Mitchell. The foremost wards of the hospital-ship are shattered. Men sick—the limbless and newly amputated—crash down upon one another in their swinging cots.

'The *Anglia's* bows melt away, her spotless decks are already under water.

'"Now, Matron. . . . Come on, Sister!"

'"No, lad, not till we see the last of you safely off. It's our right to be the last this time! Over you go!' And a shell-shock case, Sapper Ball, of the Engineers, suddenly found his legs. All the patients are aghast at the Matron and her staff. There they stand as the hospital-ship rolls for her last plunge beneath the wintry sea. White, calm faces and blowing hair, with hands and aprons stained with blood from tender work at the dressing-stations. Never was war's callous horror so crudely revealed.'

The brief but moving picture needs no further touches. In a few clear-cut phrases it is shown how richly those brave

women of the *Anglia* deserved the highest honour. 'Their memory is as the memory of the blessed, and cannot fade.'

Amongst other nurses who have received war decorations are Sister Ferguson, who has been decorated by His Majesty King George with the First-class Royal Red Cross, and Miss Muriel Thompson, of the F.A.N.Y. Corps, who has been honoured by King Albert with the Order of Leopold II. Another to receive honour at the hands of King Albert is Sister Mary White. Special mention must also be made of Nurse Bell, who was buried with full military honours at Le Mens, after suffering death from a mortal wound, inflicted whilst ministering to the wounded.

Of another nurse it is recorded that she submitted in Paris to a new and most dangerous inoculation with the hope of the possible cure of gas gangrene. This brave woman's name, Nurse Mary Davies, should be inscribed upon the roll of heroic women with such names as Esther M'Neill,

who was wounded in Flanders, and Lady Dorothy Fielding, who has frequently undergone the dangers of shell-fire whilst acting as a surgeon's assistant. To Mrs. Harley, another heroic and most capable woman, has come the honour of being decorated by General Serrail with the French Military Cross.

The list of honours grows as the time passes. Each day brings fresh news of heroic deeds. How much has been endured in the War by women, how much achieved! In places of which we have little if any knowledge at present there are no doubt being performed deeds of valour. But we may rest assured that deeds of true heroism, wherever performed, cannot pass without reward. 'There is a Roll of Honour that can never fade or perish.'

CHAPTER XII

CONCLUSION

Above the Cross is a Crown.

ONE great world-shaping victory is complete. Woman, as we have seen, has come into her own. When the full story of the great European War is told, one fact will shine clear and supreme—the heroism of woman. 'Gently, unobtrusively, woman has become the keystone of the arch of peace.' And, it may be, when all else about the War is forgotten, when the names of field-marshals and generals are known alone to the student—'as the names of Crimean heroes escape the memory to-day, while Florence Nightingale is still a household word'—that the names of the heroines whose deeds are recorded in

these pages will survive and rest in the arch of peace like jewels in a crown.

Upon women has fallen the greater part of the burden of sorrow created by the War, yet how great has been their activity! What the heroic women of the North and South of the United States of America did during the Civil War the women of Europe have done in recent days. They have shown the same high and courageous spirit, the same subordination of their personal griefs, the same cheerful relinquishment of ease and luxury. 'A united womankind,' says Mary Rinehart, 'united in spirit, in faith, and high moral courage, looking toward the land beyond the horizon.'

But perhaps one of the greatest surprises of the War (for heroism in women is no new feature) is the great share woman has taken in what in the past was considered man's work. 'How many men,' says one writer, 'must now admit that they have been performing tasks to which woman is quite

equal!' Indeed, it has been said that women have taken to every kind of war work with a rapidity and adaptability that have certainly not always been shown by all the ruling sex.

On January 17, 1916, Lord Sydenham wrote: 'At last the nation is beginning to realize the great extent to which the industries of our country depend in this time of grave emergency on the patriotic work of women.' From all quarters, as we have seen, have come warm terms of praise. 'It is true,' writes Israel Zangwill, 'that long before the War seven million women were gainfully occupied, but the State had never discovered their employment or unemployment in social phenomena. To-day every eye is upon Venus rising—as in Botticelli's picture—on her shell. The State includes women in the national register. *The Times* devotes to their services a chapter of its *History of the War*. The War Office publishes the names of dead nurses in the casualty lists.'

There is an arresting, heart-touching note in that last brief sentence: *the War Office publishes the names of dead nurses in the casualty lists.* To both mind and heart flash tender and grateful thoughts of the heroic dead. We picture the brave women who, with a courage beyond praise, with an endurance seemingly superhuman, with an utter disregard of self, have faced the hardest and most terrible side of the War.

There are no further words. We can only kneel, as though in the presence of a sacred shrine, knowing beyond all shadow of doubt that the heroic deeds of women in the World-War will stand for all time, growing even more glorious and inspiring as the years pass.

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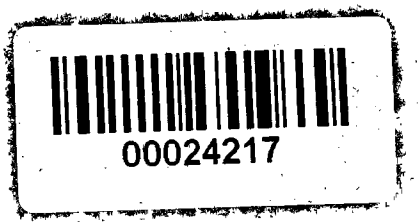

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